

THE SKETCH.

No. 73.—VOL. VI.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



SARAH BERNHARDT AS LA TOSCA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. The list in the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos was issued this morning. Mr. W. S. Adie, of Trinity, is bracketed with Mr. W. F. Sedgwick, of Trinity, for the Senior Wranglership, the third place being occupied by Mr. Philip, of Clare. But the most striking feature of the Tripos is the fact that a lady, Miss Johnson, of Newnham, stands alone in the first division of the first class in the second part, thus beating all the men.—The terms of the settlement of the Cab Strike were endorsed by the drivers at a meeting in Hyde Park, the Home Secretary's award being described as a "glorious victory."—The Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., at the annual meeting of the Strand Conservative Association, dubbed the Government "a Government of first readings."—Lord Coleridge took a sudden turn for the worse.—Percy C. Courtenay is the husband of Matilda Alice Victoria Courtenay, familiar to the music-hall haunter as Marie Lloyd, and he was charged at Marlborough Street Police Court with having threatened the lady so that she went in fear of her life. He was ultimately remanded.—The rumours about the death of the Sultan of Morocco, Muley Hassan, were confirmed, when it became known that he died suddenly at Tadmra, between the City of Morocco and Casablanca.—A plague has broken out in Hong-Kong. Fifteen hundred deaths have occurred.

Wednesday. The Prince of Wales went to Aldershot to present new colours to the 2nd Worcestershire Regiment. It was raised in 1701, and has served in every part of the British dominions, always acting up to its motto, "Firm." Thirty-three years ago, the Prince presented the regiment, then the 36th, with the old colours, which will be placed in Hereford Cathedral.—In the evening the Prince attended the Trinity House annual banquet, which was presided over for the first time by the Duke of York, the new Master, in succession to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. Sir Francis Jeune proposed the health of the new Master.—Lord Spencer, addressing the boys of the training-ship Warspite at Woolwich, said the Marine Society, to whom that vessel belonged, had turned out no fewer than 62,000 boys for the sea service, of whom 27,000 had been drafted into the Navy.—Sir William Harcourt, speaking at the annual dinner of the London Chamber of Commerce, contended that, in spite of the marked depression in business since 1890, there was no cause for despondency.—The Duke of Devonshire visited Buxton to open a small public park, given to the town by himself and the London and North-Western Railway Company, and to hand over the new pump-room, erected at a cost of £5000. The heavy burden placed by the Budget, he said, on the landowners would necessitate a large reduction in the expenditure on the Devonshire estates, and should it become necessary to close Chatsworth and other places of public resort, it would be no fault on his part, but would arise from the inexorable results of Democratic finance.—Another difficulty in the cab crisis arose in the refusal of the men to take out the privileged cabs—those authorised to enter the railway stations—at the rate of seventeen shillings, demanded by the owners.—A Scott Club was formed in Edinburgh, Mr. Cooper, editor of the *Scotsman*, being elected president, and 160 gentlemen becoming members.

Thursday. Lord Coleridge, after lingering for many weeks, died this evening at 8.45. The grand-nephew of the poet, he was born in 1820, and was a prominent figure at Oxford about 1840. He was called to the Bar in 1847, entered Parliament as a Liberal in 1865, and in 1871 became Attorney-General, being the chief counsel against the Claimant, whom he cross-examined for twenty-one days. He had been Lord Chief Justice since 1880.—A terrible boating disaster occurred this afternoon near Westport Quay, County Mayo, when a boat with 110 harvesters from Achill Island capsized. Thirty bodies have been recovered.—The Home Secretary directed that the cabdrivers should pay extra for the privileged cabs.—In the course of investigations conducted in the Record Office on behalf of the Cardiff Corporation, a document has been discovered which will show, it is believed, that many mining royalties in South Wales belong to the Crown.—The Cape Budget shows a surplus of £334,161.—Seven hundred Chinese have died of the plague at Hong-Kong since the first outbreak on May 4.—The new Sultan of Morocco is the younger son of the late Emperor. His elder brother, Mulai Mohammed, whom he superseded, is known as the "one-eyed decapitator," from his love for ordering summary executions. A fanatical Mussulman, and hating all Europeans and Christians, he has gone to the province of Sus to try to raise a rebellion.

Friday. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg was entertained at luncheon by the Lord Mayor.—All the Lords Justices, all the judges who are in town, and the leading members of the Bar assembled in the Court of Appeal, where the Master of the Rolls, in the name of the Bench, paid a warm tribute to the high qualities of Lord Coleridge as an advocate, a judge, and a man. The Solicitor-General responded on behalf of the Bar.—Over 1000 cabdrivers have been left out of work through many proprietors having sold off their stock.—The Miners' Federation are to impose a levy of sixpence per member to help the Scotch miners who are to strike.—The Probate Division of the High Court was occupied with the circumstances connected with the will of the late Madame Trebelli. She disinherited her daughter, and made a will in which she left her property to the Royal Academy

of Music. She subsequently took it out of Coutts's Bank to make an alteration, but did not return it, and now it cannot be found. The daughter claims an intestacy.—The Emperor William inspected at Potsdam a force of 221 soldiers, who are about to leave for service in South Africa. "You must not forget," he said, "that the people with whom you may come in contact there, though the colour of their skin is different from yours, likewise possess hearts which are capable of honourable feelings. These people my troops must treat with moderation."—A riot has occurred at St. John's, Newfoundland. Mr. Emerson, the Speaker of the House of Assembly, and other merchants, on the ground that the Revenue Act expired on the 11th inst. and had not been renewed, demanded to have their goods supplied to them without the payment of duty. When this was refused, they attempted to take forcible possession of their imports; the police then interfered, and drove away Mr. Emerson and his supporters.

Saturday. "We want 2000 tanners for John Burns's wages fund," says the *Star* to-day. "Hasn't he earned it by his unwearied and watchful work for labour?"—Mr. William O'Brien, at Oldham, said it was to the alliance of the English and the Irish people that the working-men of England had secured so many great blessings of late years.—Mr. Balfour, opening a Wesleyan Sunday-school at Beswick, Manchester, said a question which loomed in the future was the broad issue between secular and religious education.—Lord Carrington opened a new fire station at New Cross.—At the annual meeting of the Corps of Commissionaires, Sir Edward Walter, K.C.B., its founder, said he thought more men had been sent back in the last six months, owing to employers being unable to keep them, by reason of the depression of trade, than had been the case in the last six years.—The Duke of Bedford is to give £100,000 to the proposed free public library at St. Pancras.—The new Sultan of Morocco has been recognised by the Powers.—An International Athletic Congress was convened at Paris to study the possibility of reviving the Olympian games.—As Signor Crispi was driving to the Chamber this afternoon, a young man fired at him, but the Premier, who was uninjured, seized his assailant and handed him over to the police. Signor Crispi, who showed the greatest coolness, afterwards received an enthusiastic greeting in the Chamber.—The Union Pacific Company has lost 1,500,000 dollars and the Northern Pacific 750,000 dollars by the recent floods. Traffic has been resumed on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Sunday. The familiar cry, "Winner! Winner!" was heard in the streets of the Metropolis this afternoon, as the newsboys offered papers with the result of the Grand Prix de Paris. The favourite was Matchbox, but, in a field of eleven, he was beaten by Baron de Schiekler's Dolma-Baghtché, which won by a neck.—The Anchor liner Ethiopia arrived at Glasgow from New York, and reported that on the 6th inst. she collided with an iceberg during a dense fog. She had a great hole in her bow, but an artificial bulkhead was constructed, and the bow was covered with canvas to fill the rent.—At a meeting of Scotch miners held at Hamilton to-night, it was resolved to lay down tools to-morrow week.—O'Donovan Rossa visited Ennis to-day to lecture on his prison life. The Town Commissioners had refused to let the Town Hall for the purpose of the lecture, but some of his friends got admittance to the building through the caretaker's apartments, and the doughty O'Donovan spoke there, after all.—Two Misses O'Connell, descendants of the great "Dan," were received this morning by the Pope. His Holiness said that when, fifty years ago, he was staying in England he made the acquaintance of O'Connell, whom he had also heard speak in the House of Commons, and the aged Pontiff went on to give a vivid description of a sitting of the House, when O'Connell had delivered one of his brilliant and incisive replies to the Minister of the day.—The Kaiser laid the foundation-stone of the new Berlin Cathedral, which is to be built according to the designs of Professor Raschdorf, on the site of the old edifice which was built by Frederick the Great.

Monday. The degree of LL.D. was conferred by Cambridge University on Captain Mahan, of the Chicago.—At Oxford, the festivities of the Commemoration have already begun. The chief events for to-day were the Oxford Choral and Philharmonic Society's Concert, a dance at Wadham, and the Masonic Ball in the new Examination Schools.—The annual Board of Trade report on strikes and lock-outs points out that during 1892 the number of strikes, 692, was smaller than in any of the four preceding years, and it is estimated that 371,799 persons were engaged in these disputes, which had an average duration of 32.07 working days. According to an estimate, based on employers' returns, the wages not paid during the period of stoppage would amount to about £485,000 per week, the aggregate sum being £3,880,000, and in the case of 511 establishments making returns it is calculated that the value of fixed capital rendered idle was £18,823,264.—The Duke of Cambridge presented a testimonial portrait to Dr. Howship Dickinson.—From all parts of Roumania alarming reports have been received of devastation, caused by terrible hailstorms.

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SPECIAL MATINEE MONDAY NEXT, JUNE 25, at 2.30.
Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open 10 till 6. HAYMARKET THEATRE.



FAT OLD PARTY (who for the last hour has been eating without stopping): "Excuse me, Miss, but my eyesight is very bad: would you mind telling me if I've eaten everything on the menu?"

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Havant, Portsmouth, Ryde, and other Stations, as per bills.

FRIDAY, JUNE 22: REHEARSAL.

AN Extra Special Fast Train will leave Victoria for the Crystal

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An Extra Special Fast Train will leave London Bridge for the Crystal Palace at 11.20 a.m.,
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TEA AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"First catch your hare" is a proverb which comes to one with a new
significance the first time one goes to tea at the House; for the friendly
Member of Parliament may invite you to tea, but it is not always so easy
to find him when you get there. One of the extremely civil policemen
who mount guard in St. Stephen's Hall will direct you to send in your
visiting card by the messenger, and if you have not brought one he will
give you a special card on which to inscribe your name and that of the
member you wish to see. The messenger then vanishes for an indefinite
period, and you feel it is questionable whether your card will ever reach
its destination. The Member of Parliament may be in the House, or he
may not; it is against Parliamentary etiquette for the policemen or
messengers to inform you, for otherwise the members would have no
protection against the visitations of their constituents. So the messenger
goes off in silence, and an uneasy feeling comes across you that possib'y
your host has forgotten the day; but you should not be hard on the
messenger, who is looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. The
member may be in his place in the House, in one of the committee-
rooms, in the reading-room, in one of the tea-rooms, or the lobby; so
that it may be a good time before the messenger unearths him. Mean-
time, you remain in the stately octagonal hall, and when you have looked
at the frescoed ceiling and the two big statues, and found out that one of
these latter represents Sir Stafford Northcote and the other Lord John
Russell, you appear to have exhausted all the attractions.

The dingy crowd of constituents waiting to see their members can
scarcely be called attractive, but there is a certain amount of excitement
whenever the bell rings for a division, and the members scurry by to
record their votes. Still, it is a dull time on the whole, and a waiting-
room furnished with a few illustrated papers would be a decided
enhancement to the charms of the House.

Memories of long waits endured on former occasions made me feel
slightly apprehensive when I went to tea at the House a few days since
at the invitation of Mr. Atherley-Jones.

Tea at the House in the summer is a fascinating function, when one
is able to have it out on the Terrace, among beauties and celebrities of
every kind. Still, tea in the winter is very nice and cosy, when a pleasant
party is gathered together in one of the oak-panelled tea-rooms in the
basement of the House. Some of these rooms only hold one table, which
is a thought too suggestive of nursery tea, but the room where we gather
on the present occasion has four or five little tables at discreet distances,
so that one can chat in comfort. Mrs. Atherley-Jones pours out the tea,
looking very handsome in her fur-trimmed cloak, and the party round
the little table includes Mrs. Fenwick-Miller and Sir Richard Temple.
We notice the tea set, which is all white, with a crown and the letter "H."
in one corner, and we discuss House of Commons tea-cake and the
suffrage question simultaneously. The former is a kind of glorified
hot-cross bun, only larger; the latter is too well known to need
description.

"My enthusiasm for woman suffrage has cooled a little," says the Member
for North-West Durham; "as a boy, I was very enthusiastic, partly
because I was accustomed to hear all these subjects discussed in my
father's house. I wrote articles on the subject in the Lancashire papers
when I was only fourteen. My father was a great politician, as you
know, and, though I have many of his ideas, I consider them like the
image of a gold coin stamped on copper. Later on I knew Miss Becker
very well, and took some part in the movement. At present I am greatly
in favour of women having influence on matters of local government, and
quite agree that there is no logical ground for excluding women from
exercising the Parliamentary franchise, except one believes they are
intellectually inferior to men. But I believe there is no feeling among
women generally in favour of it, for I expect that when women seriously
want the suffrage they will get it. It is rather a five-o'clock-tea subject,
don't you think? And no successful agitation was ever carried out on
the lines of five-o'clock tea."

"No; I don't think it's a five-o'clock-tea subject," I say. "And
I do not think that the class of women who suffer from the non-
existence of the suffrage are the women who have five-o'clock tea. You
will own that all unrepresented classes must suffer, and the suffering
will fall the hardest on the working members of the community. But
I wanted to have a talk to you about the Ladies' Gallery. I suppose you
are both in favour of the abolition of that hateful grille?"

"No; my enthusiasm does not carry me so far," replies Sir Richard.
"I think that the sight of the ladies might divert the attention of the
members."

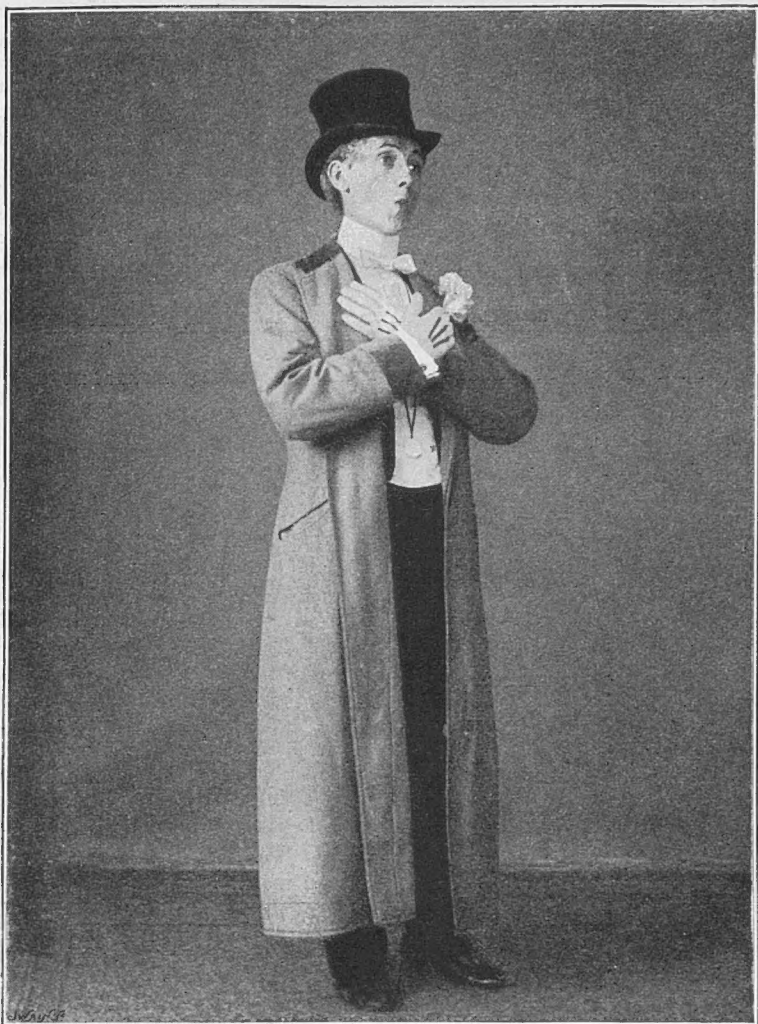
"I am of the same opinion," says Mr. Atherley-Jones. "Anything
which tends to make the House spectacular is distinctly to be avoided.
I will grant that the standard of speaking in the House is not high, and
that the members look rather to substance in a speech than form. Still,
it would be very undesirable if the speaking were to become theatrical
and there were any talking to the gallery. It is a good thing that the
gallery is well above the line of vision, so that one forgets the listeners
altogether."

At this point we propose that we should adjourn to this celebrated
gallery, that we may get an idea of the accommodation prepared for us.
We are soon brought to the gallery through the medium of a lift. My
disappointment is great when I find myself in the dull little gallery
(which only holds thirty-six in all), and I note the ugly little rows of
green-covered chairs and the green carpet, so fearfully suggestive of
seaside lodgings. But, looking through the grating, one finds it an
interesting sight.

I. H. A.

THE FOOTLIGHTS CLUB, CAMBRIDGE.

From Photographs by Scott and Wilkinson, Cambridge.



BURGLAR BILL (MR. M. G. DONAHOO).



THE BABES IN THE WOOD (MR. D. MAPPIN AND MR. G. R. STANSFELD).



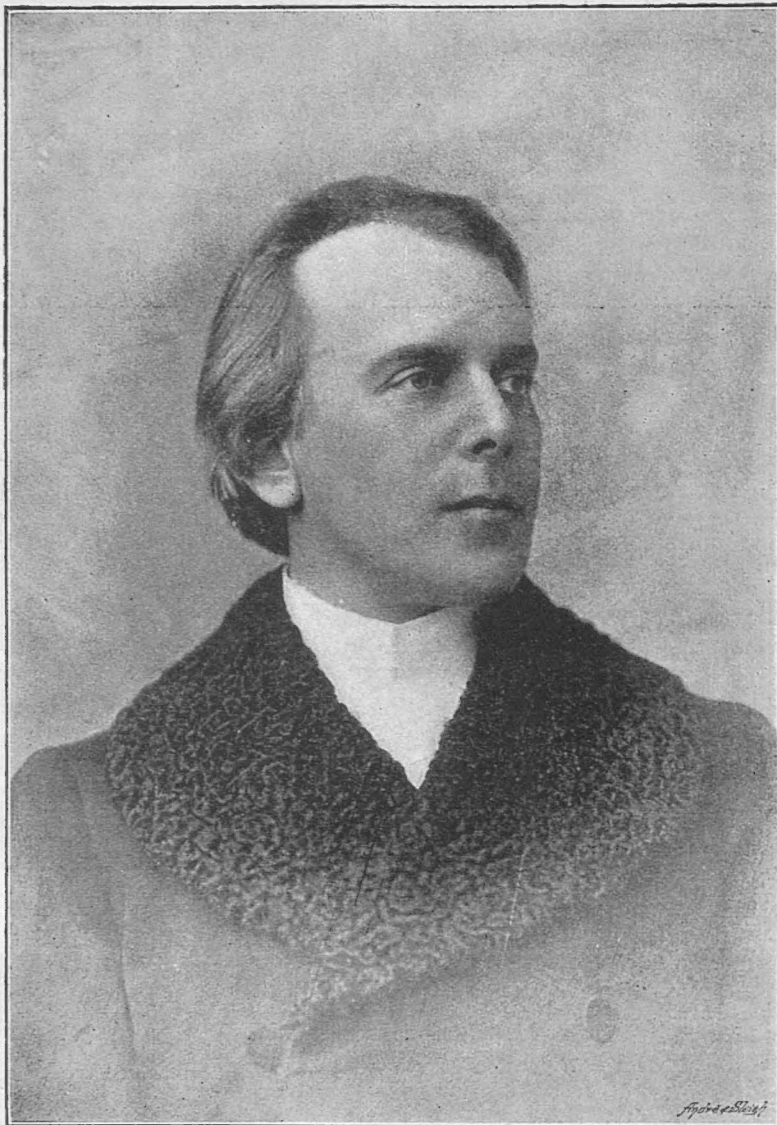
TWEEDLEDUM (MR. W. B. PIKE) AND TWEEDLEDEE (MR. C. E. FEW).



CAPTAIN DE VERE (MR. LONGRIDGE) AND DIANE DE ROUGY (MR. POLLITT).

A WELCOME TO MR. WILLARD.

Mr. Willard must have known from the wildly enthusiastic reception accorded to him on Saturday, when he reappeared at Cyrus Blenkarn in the "Middleman" at the Comedy Theatre, that his absence of four years has been a real loss to the London playgoer. Perhaps, Mr. Jones's play is not all that it once was, for we have had a "Second Mrs. Tanqueray"



MR. WILLARD.

Photo by Sarony, New York.

and many other advances since it was first produced; but there can be no doubt that Mr. Willard's impersonation of the potter is as powerful as ever, despite the fact that he has repeated it some seven hundred times. An additional interest was lent to the performance on Saturday from the fact that some of the original players again appeared in their old places. But the real interest, however, in Mr. Willard's return is the production of Mr. Barrie's play, "The Professor's Love Story," next Monday. The play has had a successful career in America, and in this country will doubtless prove as attractive, at least, as Mr. Barrie's earlier work, "Walker, London."

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Of the plot of "Cherry Hall" a clear idea can be gained by describing it as a matter of "innocent bigamy." Very dear and valuable to dramatists and novel-writers is the case of those who marry a second time in the wrongful belief that the first spouse is really dead. There are many possible variations: "Jane Eyre" and "The Transgressor" show one form; "Enoch Arden" is, perhaps, the most famous; while in strong contrast is one of Zola's short tales, in which the real husband blackmails both his wife and his illegitimate successor. Moreover, in fiction founded on the subject, one has the advantage of touching a situation of which real life affords hundreds of examples.

Every year one or two cases of the innocent bigamist come into the criminal courts and puzzle the judges. What one is to do with a woman who, honestly believing her husband to be dead, marries within seven years of his disappearance? is a question that has caused much scratching of legal wigs. Consequently, Mr. Forbes Dawson has a subject out of which it is not difficult to make an interesting play. In all works on the subject, the crux lies in the difficulty of deciding how to end the play. The dramatist deliberately ties a knot, and his ability is then shown by his way of dealing with it. To the humble writer death is the solution

of the question. Death, however, is not a solution, but merely a dissolution: it is like a motion of "the previous question."

The vastly over-rated conduct of Alexander with the Gordian knot has been responsible for many a paltry evasion. For my part, I consider the story quite as absurd as that libel on Columbus contained in the celebrated egg-balancing tale. The man who invented the Columbus story really got hold of what an American would call a "bad egg," for it is not difficult to make even one of the "sixteen-a-shilling" stand up. When in "Cherry Hall" we found the second husband wearing a red hunting jacket "a world too wide," and were told that he was going to try a horse over a big fence, all interest in the play died out. Anyone could guess that he would break his neck, and set the heroine free to return, somewhat the worse for wear, to her real proprietor.

Dramatists, really, should not grasp the giant's sword if it is too heavy for their hands, and a problem play, decidedly, is a giant's sword. When they do venture to lift it down, it comes and cuts that Gordian knot, leaving everything satisfactorily unsatisfying—I fear I have come close to a mixed metaphor. Beyond an accusation of dullness—for which the heat of the first warm day of the year and the tameness of the acting may have been responsible—there is little more to be said against Mr. Forbes Dawson's play. The word "inadequate," which is of infinite value to the critic, seems to cover the whole matter.

One of the very oldest among living actresses is Mrs. Rachel Cantor, who has passed the last few years in the Forrest Home at Philadelphia. Mrs. Cantor remained upon the boards until about a dozen years back. In a few months she will reach her eighty-fourth birthday. Thus Mrs. Cantor is four years the junior of that still blithe and cheery octogenarian Mrs. Keeley, who was born at Ipswich in 1806, the year marked in the calendar by the battle of Jena. Another veteran player, Mrs. Stirling, is nigh upon seventy-eight, the lately-bereaved Henry Howe has turned eighty-two, and Walter Lacy is in his eighty-fifth year.

The Cambridge Footlights Dramatic Club have been appearing in "The Mixture Re-mixed," a second edition of an extravaganza written by Messrs. A. P. Shaw and E. A. Philpots. Mr. C. J. Mathew undertook

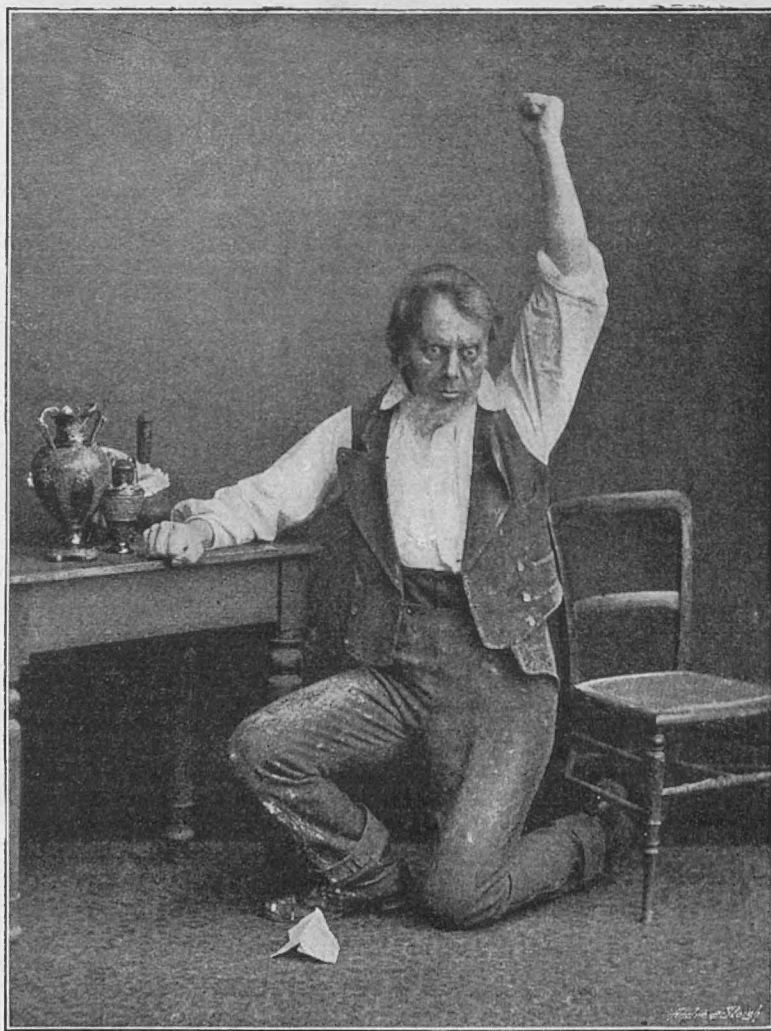


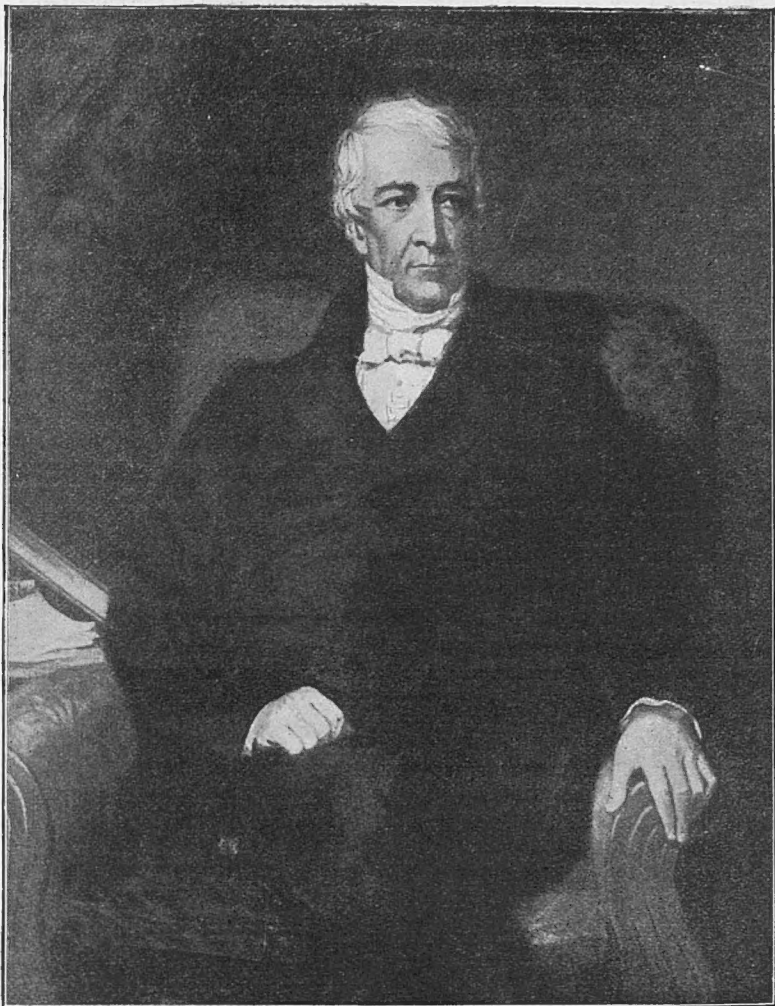
Photo by Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street.

AS CYRUS BLENKARN IN "THE MIDDLEMAN."

the rôle of Robin Hood, editor of a daily paper; Hawkshaw, a detective, was in the hands of Mr. A. C. Hobson, and Mr. M. G. Donahoo's Burglar Bill (ex-president of the Geezer Garrotters' Club) was very amusing. Mr. H. C. Pollitt, as will be seen from the photographs, looked the part of a sweet young maiden most admirably. The character of Captain P. M. F. B. Fitz P. de Vere de Vere, R.N., a political aspirant, who is in love with Diane, was sustained by Mr. M. Longridge. The dances were invented and arranged by Messrs. J. Hobday, H. C. Pollitt, and C. O. Gregory.

MONOCLE.

THE CHIEF JUSTICES OF THE QUEEN'S REIGN.



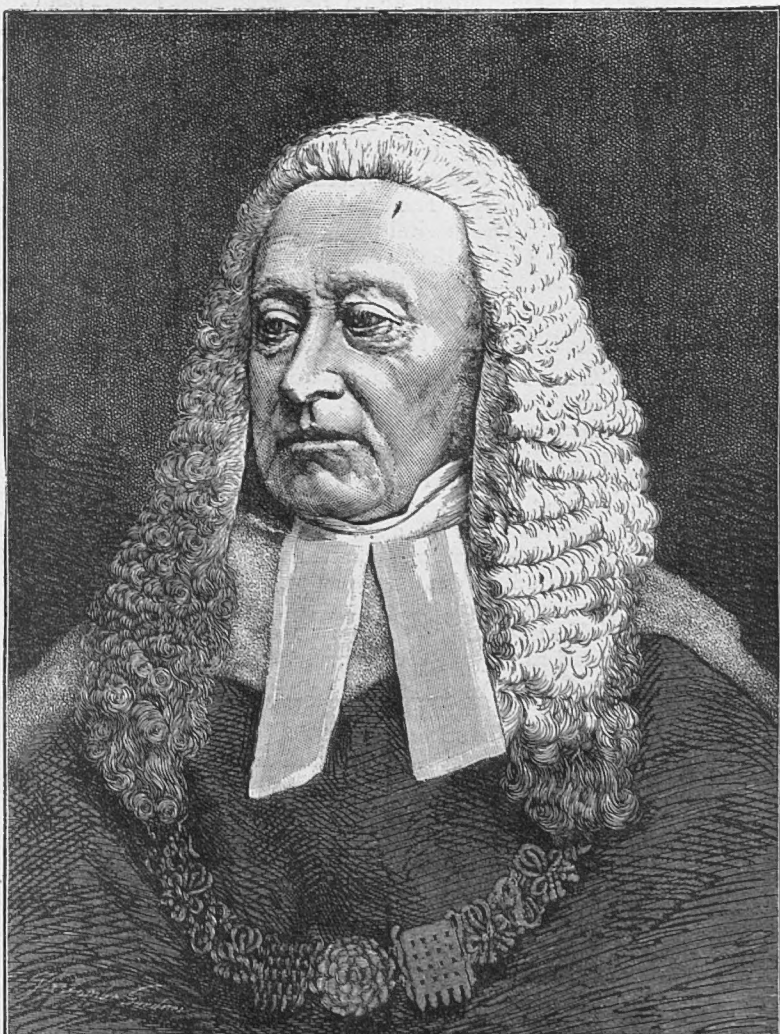
Lord Denman: born 1779; succeeded Lord Tenterden as Chief Justice 1832; resigned Feb. 28, 1850; died 1854.

After an engraving by William Walker from a painting by E. W. Eddis.



John, 1st Baron Campbell: born 1779; succeeded Lord Denman as Chief Justice in March, 1850; resigned on appointment as Lord Chancellor, 1859; died 1861.

After an engraving by William Walker from a painting by T. A. Woolnoth.



Sir Alexander James Edmund Cockburn: born 1802; succeeded Lord Campbell as Chief Justice 1859; died 1880.

After an engraving by W. Biscombe Gardner.



John Duke, 1st Baron Coleridge: born 1821; succeeded Sir Alexander Cockburn as Chief Justice 1880; died June 14, 1894.

From a photograph by H. Whitlock, Birmingham.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Earl of Cork, who, as Master of the Horse, is, like the Lord Chamberlain and the Master of the Buckhounds, officially connected with Ascot, is a thorough sportsman. I often saw his Lordship hunting with the Blackmore Vale Hounds twenty-five years ago, and he has hunted regularly since. He preserves foxes at his lovely place near Frome, but the country is not a good one for hunting, and I have experienced many disappointing days when the South and West Wilts have met at Witham Station. The best run I ever participated in over the district—and Lord Cork was present—was nearly thirty years ago, when Mr. Shore's Harriers hunted a stag from Bruton, and he covered about sixteen miles in a complete circle. The late John Press, who was at that time huntsman to the Blackmore Vale, was also present. Press had a framed £5 note at home which was given to him by the Prince of Wales when his Royal Highness was at Cambridge.

The Sussex fortnight will be a big success this year. The Goodwood course, thanks to the eagle eye of Mr. Walter Forbes, is in splendid going order, and I believe the stands are getting a coat of paint. It is a pity that pure water should be so scarce both at Ascot and Goodwood. Visitors to the Berkshire Heath are compelled to take their spirits neat, while at Goodwood the caterers prefer their customers to dilute their whisky with mineral waters instead of water; indeed, the small bottle of soda is thrown in for the shilling charged for Scotch.

The addition of a new course to racing enclosures already existing in the south of England, and the success which attended the opening of Lingfield to flat-racers, draws attention to those who contributed towards the organisation of so expensive an undertaking, but one which will probably result in satisfactory returns, both to the public and proprietors of the charming estate at the other end of Surrey. One of the most active of the gentlemen associated with the new venture is Mr. J. B. Leigh, an admirable portrait of whom accompanies these notes. Mr. Leigh has been popularly known to racegoers for some years as the owner of thoroughbreds of high class, trained by Jewitt at Newmarket, one of the first I remember being Rookery, who brought Hampton into prominence as a sire, she having been the first winner claiming parentage from the now famous ex-selling plater. Rookery also distinguished herself at the Stud, giving us such good animals as



Photo by Dickinson, New Bond Street, W.

MR. J. B. LEIGH.

The Deemster, who would surely have won the Derby but for developing a splint, and for whom Mr. Leigh is alleged to have refused 12,000 guineas as a two-year-old. The Deemster now stands at Newmarket, and has attracted the attention of scientific breeders, among those who have sent matrons to him being the Duchess of Montrose, Mr. T. Cannon, and Mr. Smith, of Whimble. The lovely Flyaway was another of Rookery's, and she is now at the Stud, Mr. Leigh's ambition being to breed a Derby winner, and everyone who knows him will hope for success in this direction. Exning, the sire of Excise, who won two races at Epsom, was once the property of the subject of my sketch, and not a few of us recollect the exciting success of Goggles—owned by Mr. Leigh—in the Liverpool Autumn Handicap, when his stable-companion, Sybil, the dam of Necromancer, just kept Wallenstein, ridden by Archer, out of second place by a short head, she being but a head behind the winner.

I had almost forgotten to mention another famous horse of his, that being The Scot, afterwards the property of the Prince of Wales. His race with Bacchus, when 4 to 1 was laid upon the latter after the pair had jumped the last obstacle, will never be forgotten. The Scot won. Mr. J. B. Leigh was, like Lord Rosebery, an Eton boy, and went on to Oxford (Christchurch). His chief pleasures are racing and hunting, the Bicester being his favourite pack. He won the Christchurch Steeplechase on his hunter, The Marquis, and at the present time the College Point-to-Point Steeplechase is contested over his farm at Stratton Audley. At school he was nicknamed "Bunny," in succession to his uncle, who had, for some reason, earned that distinctive appellation in years past. He is a member of most of the important racing clubs, and revels in the good looks and good humour of his family.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

On Tuesday, the 12th, at Bonneville, snow was falling fast. Farther afield, in the valley of Joux, came the same tale, and that the flocks on the mountains of the Oberland were suffering severely from the frost and cold, and the mountain railways stopped running, owing to the heavy fall of snow. The next day, the heat in Paris was simply tropical, and the *cafés* did, consequently, a roaring trade; *sirops* were at a premium, and on the boulevards not a chair was seen vacant the whole day. Let us pray that we are to be subjected no more to these most trying and aggravating weather changes, and that at last we may enjoy a steady and seasonable temperature.

The Battle of Flowers was, as usual, a great success, and, although the sky was very overclouded on both days, still, no rain fell, which was most fortunate. The Bois was crowded with smart carriages, filled with merry and happy faces, and the fun went fast and furious. There was a lack of original floral displays, although many decorated carriages looked exceedingly pretty, notably a victoria in pink Malmaison carnations and white pinks, with mauve satin ribbons covering the harness, and also used as reins. The horses in this particular carriage looked most spirited and impatient, and one shuddered to think what would happen if they took it into their heads to bolt down the Champs Elysées or elsewhere; in the Avenue des Acacias no such danger was likely to happen, as the pace was, necessarily, funereal. The fair occupant was a celebrated *demi-mondaine*, who one day walked into the lions' cage at Pèzon's and patted two of the specimens out of sheer bravado. Two young women on bicycles attracted great attention and admiration; their machines were most artistically adorned with every coloured rosebud imaginable, and, as not a scrap of iron or steel was allowed to appear anywhere, the effect was fairy-like.

The French Academy has, for the first time for a number of years, its full complement of members. The oldest member of the forty Immortals is M. Legouvé, who is nearly eighty-eight years of age. M. Paul Bourget is the youngest member, and is in his forty-second year.

There seems to be a perfect epidemic of infantine suicides just now in Paris. Last week a boy of ten hanged himself, and another one of a year older deliberately put an end to his existence by filling his pockets with stones and jumping from a high bridge into the Seine; and a day or two ago a girl of fifteen, Marie Bonville, after being reproved by her mother for some slight misdemeanour, shut herself up in her bed-room, and stabbed herself all over with a large kitchen knife. Her cries of agony soon attracted her mother, who, on breaking open the door, found the poor child in a pitiable state. She was at once removed to the hospital, and succumbed to the self-inflicted injuries the next day.

The marriage of Comte Armand de La Rochefoucauld, second son of the Duc and Duchesse de Doudeauville, to Princesse Louise Radziwill, daughter of Prince and Princesse Constantin Radziwill, was last week's greatest event, owing to the very high position in French society held by both families. The religious ceremony was held in the *salon*—transformed for the occasion into a chapel—of the mansion of the Duc de Doudeauville, Rue de Varennes. Queen Isabella of Spain was present, and the Count and Countess of Caserta represented the King and Queen of Naples, who are now at Vichy. The Comte de Paris sent an affectionate letter of congratulation. The musical part of the service was beautifully rendered by the choir of St. Roch, and Gounod's "Ave Maria" was exquisitely sung by M. Saléza, of the Opera.

MIMOSA.

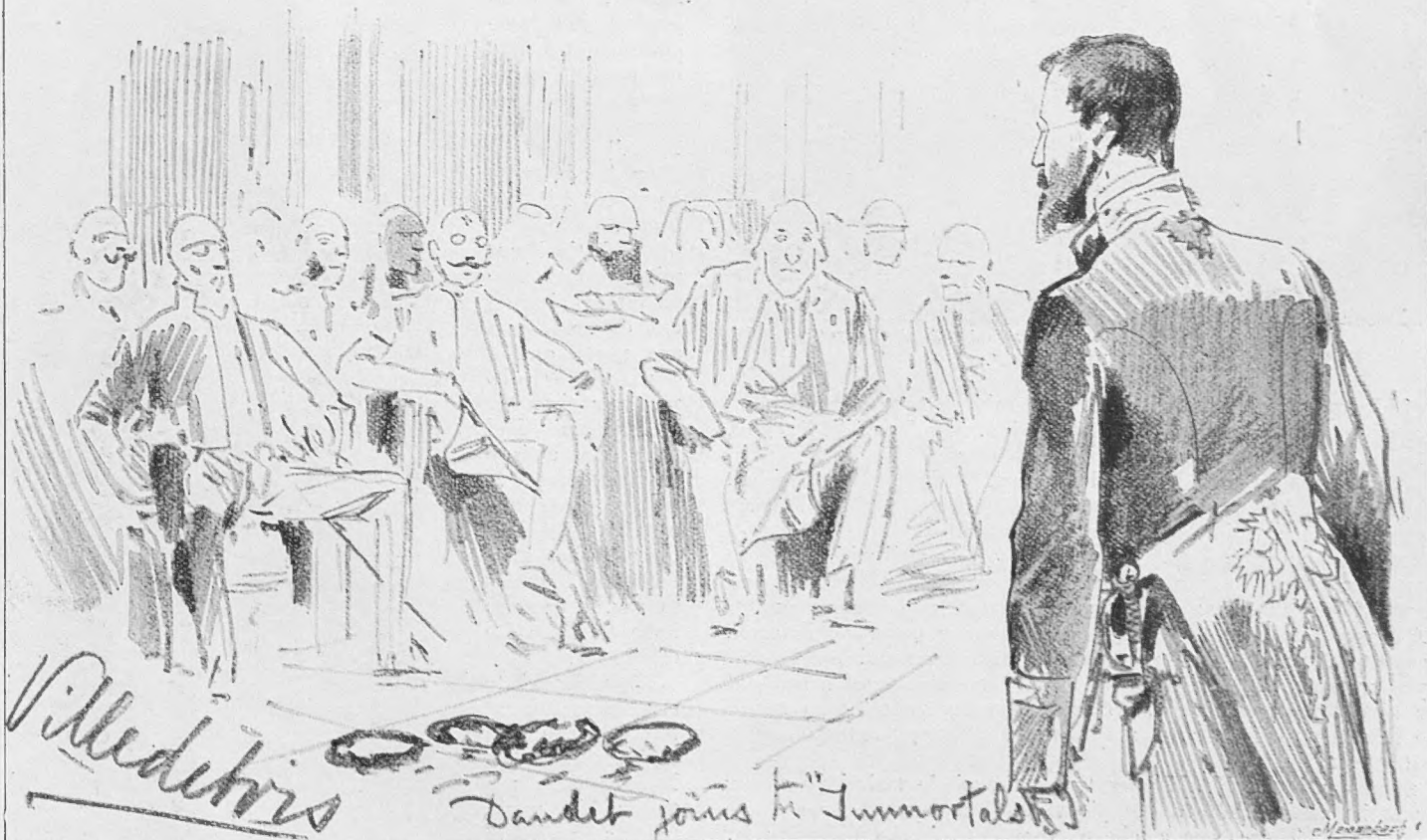
OVER THE BORDER.

Tourists who intend crossing the Border will be glad to hear of the following alterations which the Great Northern and East Coast Companies are preparing in their train service from July 2. The down East Coast dining-car train, which now leaves King's Cross at 2.30 p.m., will start at 2.20 p.m., and arrive in Edinburgh at 10.50 p.m., ten minutes earlier than at present. Additional express trains will run as follows: From Newcastle at 7 a.m., via Sunderland, Hartlepool, Stockton, &c., leaving York 9.25 a.m., and arriving at King's Cross at 1.25 p.m. A corresponding down express will leave King's Cross at 2.30 p.m., via Stockton, Hartlepool, and Sunderland, for Newcastle. A new express will leave King's Cross at 5 p.m. for Huntingdon, Peterborough, Stamford, Lynn, Cromer, &c. The 5.30 p.m. down express from King's Cross will cease to slip carriages at Huntingdon and Peterborough. Additional express trains will be run between London and Scotland for the summer and autumn traffic, and preparations are being made to supply pillows for first- and third-class passengers in the long-distance expresses.

Faith is not the extinct virtue one is sometimes led to believe. Twenty years ago a few enthusiasts built in their imagination a ship canal which should connect Manchester with the sea. Even to-day, when the canal is an accomplished fact, there are persons predicting present danger and its ultimate failure. But Mr. G. W. Goodwin was on the side of the enthusiasts twenty years since, and he built the Ivy Soap Works in what was then a rural part of Salford, even though many difficulties in the way of transport existed. His faith has had its reward, for the works now stand directly on the bank of the canal, where a jetty is to be formed for the sole use of Mr. Goodwin's establishment.



At the d'Armenonville in the Bois.



Villedubris

Dandet joins the Immortals

INTERVIEW WITH MR. MORTIMER MENPES.

A CHAT ABOUT COLOUR.

Mr. Menpes told me (writes a *Sketch* representative) that it was generally considered that he had been over-advertised, and that in this case an interview with himself was a mistake. He consented, however, that I should have an interview with his work, since that, he hopes, may be of interest to the public.

The pictures in question were those prepared for his exhibition of Egypt, now being held at the Dowdeswell Galleries, New Bond Street, the private view of which took place on Friday.

I suggested that in such a busy season of the year a week was a very small space of time to give the public for looking at modern Egypt, as shown in New Bond Street, and he admitted that there was the merest possibility of the time being extended to a fortnight, but no longer.

The artist told me that most of his work had been executed in Cairo. It was so full of subjects that he had no need to travel in search of them. He had tried to paint modern Egypt, its bazaars, and its home life—the



Photo by Mendelssohn, Fembidge Crescent, W.

MR. MORTIMER MENPES.

Egypt of history had been done before. He said that what struck him chiefly was its vividness, its full, rich colouring. In Japan, in Burmah, in the Spain of the Moors, he had found nothing so rich in tone as in Cairo. With a picture of an interior before me, with its jewel colouring, and the dainty Rembrandt faces of the old men, he began to describe some of the colour pictures which had impressed him most.

"There was an orange shop," he said; "a yellow wall with a hole in it. Dilapidated wood-work of a purple hue surrounded that hole, and in its depths the eye gradually discovered its picturesque wares set out for sale. A beggar, an old man in a lemon-coloured gown, picked out in black, stood close to the wall. The rich mixture of orange and purple and lemon-yellow can hardly be described. There was one street a brilliant mixture of old rose and green. There are many people who might imagine that these colours could not go well together; but they haven't seen that street."

"I felt," continued Mr. Menpes, "that the whole technique of my work must be altered. Even the pigments in my palette looked too dead, too dull. There was a cheap way out of the difficulty by using white as a harmoniser—that is, by making the colours greyer, and nearer each other—but for me the reign of white was over. To get a vivid green with any taint of white is quite impossible. The hopelessness of trying to paint with a mixed palette, where one has to fish for the right tone, oppressed me. To paint a clean picture

of a clear, sunlit scene, one must have a clean palette. It isn't easy to make my meaning understood—but Egypt revolutionised my ideas of work."

I was looking, as he spoke, at a small canvas teeming with colour, rich as the glories of the East he had tried to depict, brilliant as the stones on the dress of a harem beauty. It measured, I believe, three inches by two, and I carried away with me the remembrance of a large scene, with the figures life-size, of no affected simplicity—which, translated, means emptiness, and leads merely to the complex—but a tremendous knowledge of technique and infinite work, leading to a breadth which was quite wonderful. The work I saw was of Cairo, and yet it reminded me of the paintings of the old Dutch school, with their clean, brilliant tones and rich colouring.

I questioned the artist about the people he had painted.

"They are Biblical," he said, "and dignified, devoid of vulgar curiosity, or so they appeared to me. There is no living art in Egypt; but a dead art lives unconsciously. The old men were very handsome, and had wonderfully fine heads. Of course, they rarely had more than one eye."

"One eye!" I exclaimed.

"No; the sun and the sand—chiefly the sand, I fancy—affects the sight. Then, the native doctors clap on onions, and absolutely poultice the eyes out. A man with a remaining eye is a lucky mortal. My servant, I recollect, had only one."

"Had you no amusing experiences?" I asked.

"I don't think they fall in my way when I am hard at work. I remember I was well scared. I had told my servant to procure me a number of old rags, rags that the sun had tinted and softened in colour, brilliant still, but changed and altered. A whole street full of people tumbled out of doors and showered their treasures at my feet. I never saw such a sight. The world seemed to have gone mad on colour. I can't describe it. In the midst of the owners quarrelling over their bargains and my mute admiration, I suddenly reflected. 'The cholera! and my danger in buying,' and I turned with a sick kind of horror impossible to describe and fled. My servant insisted on completing his purchases, but I had lost interest somehow, and the rags their dangerous value."

"And the Pyramids?" I began.

"Oh, the Pyramids looked like mountains jutting out of the desert and pared off. I couldn't help thinking that the Phœnicians had been too artistic to run contrary to Nature, and had merely assisted it by adapting it a little. I ought to say, I tried to hope this, in spite of history."

I returned to my inspection of the pictures and their frames. Mr. Menpes does not throw his work, like a pack of Christmas cards, all over his studio, to be picked up at pleasure. He considers none of his pictures complete, or ready to be shown, till they are framed. And these frames, specially designed, become part of the pictures, and are not separate pieces of work which draw attention from the jewels they contain.



SMALL TALK.

The Queen is to leave Windsor Castle for Osborne, according to present arrangements, on Friday, July 20. The royal yacht *Alberta*, in which her Majesty always crosses the Solent, is undergoing an overhaul and refit at Portsmouth. The monotony of Court life at Balmoral was relieved last week by a performance of *tableaux vivants* in the ball-room of the Castle, at which the Queen, Princess Beatrice, the Princess of Leiningen, and Princesses Beatrice and Alexandra of Saxe-Coburg were present.

Although Balmoral is over five hundred miles from London, the Queen is kept just as much in touch with "affairs" when she is in Scotland as when she is at Windsor. A private telegraph wire connects Balmoral Castle with London, and is working day and night while the Queen is in Scotland. Every morning at ten o'clock a special messenger leaves either Whitehall or Buckingham Palace for Balmoral, with the Cabinet boxes and several bags full of correspondence for her Majesty. He reaches the Castle late at night, and the bags are dealt with by the Queen on the following morning, so that the replies to communications which cannot be answered by telegraph are returned the same afternoon, leaving Balmoral about two o'clock, and reaching Euston Square between seven and eight the following morning, or less than forty-six hours from the time when they originally left London.

The Queen had a tea-party at the Glen Gelder Shiel last week. This shiel is a cottage, containing two sitting-rooms, a kitchen, and various offices, and is surrounded by magnificent mountain scenery. Not far from the shiel, at the head of a glen on the Meikle Pass, is a cairn which the Queen had erected to mark the spot where Prince Albert shot his last stag, in October, 1861.

The Prince of Wales will attend the Summer Meeting at Newmarket. If his engagements permit, the Prince will leave town on Tuesday, July 3, and stay at his rooms in the Jockey Club until the following Friday.

Mr. Balfour has been very successful at golf, and some of his friends have been contrasting golf, as a highly moral game, with the immoral Turf on which Lord Rosebery has distinguished himself. Some day, I suppose, the public conscience will grow so sensitive that no statesman will get the suffrages of his countrymen until he can satisfy them that his pastimes are suitable to a Sunday-school. The extraordinary theory of Mr. Hugh Price Hughes appears to be that if a public man owns a race-horse he is personally responsible for all the evils of gambling. So, if Lord Rosebery could be convicted of playing whist for threepenny points, he would by the same logic be made responsible for the excessive gambling at baccarat. There are conscientious persons who argue that a moderate drinker shares the national guilt of drunkenness, and that it is a moral duty to abstain from everything which, when abused, leads to vice and misery. It is needless to enter into the manifold absurdities involved in this doctrine. If Mr. Hugh Price Hughes and his disciples like to practise it on themselves, there is no objection to this or any other vagary which calls itself "national righteousness." But to demand that a Prime Minister shall have no amusements which can be shown to be pernicious in their effects on other persons is about as silly as Mr. Hugh Price Hughes's protest against Lord Rosebery's humorous speeches. We all know the dull dog who sees nothing save frivolity in the humour he cannot appreciate; but when the dull dog wraps himself in a mantle of religion, and declares that the politician whose speeches excite "laughter" and "loud laughter" is a dangerous man, he becomes a peculiarly ridiculous figure.

"With reference to the letters in *The Sketch* of June 13," writes Mr. Leonard C. Smithers, "anent Burton's 'Arabian Nights' and 'Scented Garden,' as I am editor of the forthcoming version of the 'Thousand Nights and a Night,' I can state authoritatively that no unexpurgated edition of that famous book will be issued by or in connection with me, for my aim is to produce an edition which may be read without a feeling of repugnance, and a mere reprint of the original would deservedly bring down on its issuers a prosecution for publishing obscene literature."

"Concerning 'The Scented Garden,' the facts are these: The Kama Shashtra Society never did print it. Liseux, an honest and painstaking French publisher, who

died a few months ago, issued an excellently-got-up French translation from the Arabic, under the name of 'Jardin Parfumé.' A firm of English booksellers got this translated into English from the French, had it printed under the imprint of the Kama Shashtra Society, and issued it long before Sir Richard's death. The copy which Captain Barker possesses is not even this edition, but is a reprint of it, which was issued by another English bookseller. No translation from the Arabic ever has been done direct into English excepting Sir Richard Burton's, and I was in constant correspondence with him while he was doing his translation, which was years after the publication of 'The Perfumed Garden' bearing the Kama Shashtra imprint.

"From diligent and patient inquiries, I have every reason to believe that Lady Burton burnt both the original manuscript translation and its fair copy, reserving only a skeleton of the work, for the purpose of proving that any editions claiming to be written by her husband were spurious. If any part of it has escaped the fire, it is a translation of the 'Fragments of Elephantis,' which, I understood, was to have been annexed to 'The Scented Garden,' and the original manuscript of which, in Sir Richard's peculiar and characteristic handwriting, is now in my possession. Needless to say, it will never see the light."

It is, I am afraid, too much to hope that Mr. Willard, during his short season at the Comedy Theatre, will be able to present to audiences in his native land his impersonation of Hamlet, which has been attracting a great deal of critical attention in the United States. One writer, indeed, has termed it a Hamlet on natural lines, just as the Prince of Denmark of Mr. Wilson Barrett, in the days of the latter's glory at the Princess's, was called "the natural Hamlet" and "the nineteenth-century Hamlet." Mr. George Alexander is also said to have the rôle in view, and it would have been exceedingly interesting to have had the chance of comparing his and Mr. Willard's reading of the part with those given by Mr. Irving and Mr. Tree.

In London, Mr. Willard has not yet established himself as a Shaksperian actor, though he played many important parts in the Bard's repertory during his early career. He made, indeed, his metropolitan debut as Antonio in "The Merchant of Venice," which was played before the pantomime at Covent Garden in the Christmas of 1875. Mr. Willard was the King in Mr. Wilson Barrett's revival of "Hamlet," and he met with but partial success when he appeared as Macbeth at an Olympic *matinée*, May, 1888, the Lady Macbeth being Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer (the Millie Palmer of old), wife of that eccentric tragedian, Daniel Bandmann, and now a well-known manageress, touring with "the legitimate." Six years, however, have made a vast difference in Mr. Willard's capacity for handling famous rôles.

The additions to the Medical School of St. Thomas's Hospital, which have been opened by the Duke of Connaught, will greatly help that institution. In the past twenty years the hospital has received 92,000 in-patients, 467,000 out-patients, and 1,150,000 casualty patients. The nursing staff, some of whom are shown in the accompanying photograph, will have to be largely increased when the governors are able to open wards for 2000 more in-patients, which will be done when the remaining debt of £60,000 is wiped off. One wonders that the municipalisation of hospitals is not more urged upon in these democratic times, especially in view of the financial difficulties of some of them.



NURSES AT ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street.

The golf craze grows apace. A nine-hole course for ladies, laid out on a portion of Mitcham Common, was opened on Saturday. A comfortable club-house has been built on private ground overlooking the links, and close to Mitcham Junction Station; and the subscription is three



The Committee

have the pleasure to invite

The Editor of the Sketch
and friend

to the Opening of

The Prince's Ladies Golf Club

on Saturday June 16th 1894.

On Saturday June 16th 1894.



guineas a year. No entrance fee will be charged to the first 200 original members. Members of Prince's Golf Club (whose committee includes Lady Abercromby, Lady Florence Bourke, Lady E. Wickham, and Lady Gertrude Astley Cubitt), Prince's Racquet and Tennis Club, and Prince's (Brighton) Tennis Club are entitled to propose original members.

I understand that the following lines have been picked up near the Zoological Gardens—

I am the Snake of Regent's Park;
I lie in wait for men of mark.
I'd gladly give my latest breath
To fright a funny man to death.
So when from ambush I espy
A comic artist passing by,
I think there is no joy like this—
To stand upon my tail and hiss.
For it is quite a novel charm
To see him start in wild alarm.
And haste to tell the awful crimes
Of Horrid Serpents in the Times.
If used to be a bitter pang
That I was born without a fang,
That Nature made me as a toy
For any silly idle boy.
But now the humble Snake may pass
For lurking Cobra in the grass,
While people think that Regent's Park
Is Kipling's Jungle after dark!

The new "opera tableaux," which are to be produced for the first time at a *matinée*, at the Lyric Theatre, to-morrow week, are a fresh departure in the way of combining pictorial and musical art; indeed, it may be said that this form of entertainment will be a "new art" in itself. The idea is undeniably both a beautiful and an original one. We have had *tableaux vivants* plain and simple, *tableaux* with music, *tableaux* with recitation of verses, but it has been left to the committee of gentlemen who have organised "opera tableaux" to produce an opera founded on a well-known and very dramatic mediæval legend, the spectacular effects of which will be entirely confined to the present popular "living pictures."

The performance of this legend—"King Robert of Sicily"—is to be given on behalf of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea, an excellent charity. The patronage of no less than nine members of the Royal Family is given for the occasion, and it is expected that some of the royal party will be present at the *matinée*. Mr. Alfred Caldicott has written the music, Mr. Harold Boulton the words of the solos, and Mr. Kennington has designed the *tableaux*. The recitative and vocal music have been entrusted to such eminent artists as Mrs. Albert Barker, Miss Clara Butt, and the Westminster Singers. Among the characters in the various pictures appear the names of Miss Hilda Hanbury, Miss Helen Pettican, Miss Ella Daniel, Miss Ivy Dacre, Mr. Ben Webster, of the St. James's Theatre, and Mr. Bert Thomas, of the Haymarket. Besides the legend, *tableaux vivants*, reproductions of "The Spirit of the Summit" and "Invocation," will be posed by Sir Frederic Leighton personally, Miss Hilda Hanbury and Miss Ella Daniel taking the respective characters. Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., the Hon. John Collier, and Mr. T. B. Kennington are going to pose some of their own Academy pictures.

The success which attended the brilliant musical *soirée* given by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Visetti last season in honour of Signor Boito, of which I retain the pleasantest recollection, was repeated at their house at an afternoon "At Home" last week. All musical London seemed

concentrated in the music-room and the *salons*, in which the floral decoration evidenced Mrs. Visetti's exquisite taste. So great was the crowd that it would be far easier to name those members of society and *virtuosi* who were not present than those who were there. During the afternoon, Madame Scacchi, Messrs. Santley, Campanini, Simonetti, and Thorndike, Miss Lunn, Miss Müller, and several others played and sang.

I paid a second visit the other night to the new Empire ballet, and found that it had undergone some changes. A new *tableau* has been added at the beginning, so as to render the story easier to follow, and now you can guess what it is all about, even if you have no printed argument. More intimate acquaintance does not breed contempt; on the contrary, I find that Mr. Ernest Ford's music is more taking on the second time of hearing than the first, and shows at times a fascinating ingenuity of rhythms. The dresses, too, reveal new beauty, though it may be doubted whether the colour scheme is as beautiful as some of Wilhelm's triumphs; there is rather a lack of broad effect. The gem of the affair is Candida's dancing; but it does not quite "hit" the public. Curiously enough, neither she nor Otero, though infinitely daring and subtle in their work, and original, too, really catch the British public, which, however, at times, is frantic with delight over the efforts of "half-baked" skirt-dancers. By-the-by, who is responsible for spelling *chahut* with an "s," and who invented the word "La Frolique"?

The young lady whose horse runs away in the Park becomes a more or less familiar incident every season; but this year she bids fair to break the record, and a hack at full tilt to the Corner or from it is an excitement to be counted on most mornings. Speaking from that highest of all standpoints, personal experience, I can assure those gallant cavaliers who are always so ready and willing to prance after runaways, with the heroic intention of rescuing lovely woman in distress, that it would be much wiser on their part to await events, and "stand by," à la Captain Cuttle, for a runaway tail is the one thing in creation you can never come up with.

My congratulations to Mr. T. P. O'Connor. His two papers "have turned the corner, and are at last on the full tide of prosperity. There was much of strain, something of fierceness, a vast amount of petty care in the struggle," he tells his readers; "but it is ended—the position both of the *Sun* and the *Weekly Sun* is now assured. To make two papers pay in the worst epoch newspapers have ever known, and to make them pay in an unprecedentedly short time, entitles me to some self-gratulation." Some day he may tell the whole tale, for he hints that "it is not wanting in exciting and, perhaps, startling episodes."

Last June "the sweet girl-graduate" was cheered to further success by the high position gained by Miss A. M. J. E. Johnson in the Mathematical Tripos. The young lady was placed between Nos. 5 and 6 on the class list. This year Miss Johnson has added to her laurels by standing alone in the first division of the first class in the second part of the Tripos. There is a pleasant appropriateness in a daughter of Cambridge, where Miss Johnson was born twenty-two years ago, thus distinguishing herself, her city, and Newnham College. She was educated at Park Street Higher Grade School, Cambridge; passed first class in the Senior Local Examination, and, later, in the Higher Local Examination. In both these tests she showed her remarkable ability in mathematics. Her brother was Fifth Wrangler some years ago. Miss Johnson's future will be watched with interest.

The old Hants Militia, as the Hertfordshire Militia (4th Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment) used to be called of yore, have been encamped this season, the first time for many years, at Berkhamsted, not far from the house of Lady Sarah Spencer, and the heart of the loyal locality has been gladdened by the sight. The Colonel of the regiment is Lord Cranborne, and it was with the desire of popularising the corps that he prevailed upon the authorities to permit it to return to the county, Aldershot having been the training ground during the past two years. The plan succeeded, for the strength of the battalion was brought up to 740, or only sixty short of its full complement. Among its officers are Lord Henry FitzGerald and Viscount Marham.

The regiment, which was raised in 1758, and which saw a great deal of active service during the next half-century, has long been connected with the Salisbury family. The first Marquis was the second Colonel, serving from 1773 until 1815, when he was followed by his son, the second Marquis, who reorganised it in 1852. The present Marquis is its Honorary Colonel, and the future Marquis has been its Colonel since 1892. The old colours of the battalion are kept in the Marble Hall at Hatfield House.



Photo by T. H. Lord, Cambridge.

MISS A. M. J. E. JOHNSON.

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A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AMOUR DE VOYAGE.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

He had returned to Florence that morning for the twentieth time, for he was of those whom the Tuscan city draws from afar, as a fair woman draws her lovers. Who does not know it, that knows her—that home-sickness for Florence?

Tired as he was with the night journey, he yet strolled out after breakfast as far as the Belle Arti. He would refresh his soul with Botticelli's "Primavera."

He was in no humour for sight-seeing. He meant merely to sit on a chair before that beloved picture and feast his eyes upon it. So he sat there long, gazing and admiring, entranced. What it was worth a great painter's while to spend months in painting, it is surely worth an ordinary mortal's while to spend hours in considering.

After a time he noticed that on the chair beside him there sat a girl of twenty-eight or thereabout, tall, slender, graceful, with large,

"I know only what I find in my guide-book," she answered, smiling, "and that tells me—well, nothing."

"You are right," he replied, eye meeting eye for a second. "They call the figures Aurora, Flora, Zephyrus. Could anything be more inept, more futile, more foolish? *That* was not the masque Botticelli painted for us. Let me tell you what each figure really represents." And then, with demonstrative finger and well-chosen words, he gave her in brief his own deeper reading of that immortal apologue.

She listened, intent. When he had finished, she drew back her head a little, and gazed once more, with searching eyes, from end to end of the canvas. "Why, how beautiful!" she cried. "You have put fresh soul into it. It lives and breathes and moves before me now; while at first it was marvellous indeed, but an enigma—a puzzle."

"You think I'm right?" he asked anxiously. "You accept my solution?" It was clear he attached some importance to her answer.

"I don't *think*," she replied, with the plastic American faculty for prompt receptiveness and prompt decision; "I know it—I'm sure of it. Did you find it out yourself? It seems so conclusive."



ALLEGORY OF SPRING.—SANDRO BOTTICELLI.
IN THE ACADEMY OF ARTS, FLORENCE.

speaking eyes, and the delicately-chiselled features of the well-born American woman. She was daintily refined and gracious of demeanour. Her face had soul in it. He observed, too, that while others came and went, and gave just three minutes' attention to the inspired allegory, this woman sat on and drank it in as he did, lingering lovingly over each petty detail.

He turned to her at last. "You have been here before?" he asked, almost as if in apology for sitting so long beside her. "You know it of old? You come back here often?"

"Oh, no," the beautiful woman answered frankly, quite as frankly as he had spoken to her, and he observed in her voice just the faintest pleasant undertone of far Western accent. "This is quite my first visit; I've only been ten days in Florence."

"But you love it now you see it?" he went on enthusiastically, glancing up at the light and lissom figure, clad in a robe of flowers, that poises so airily, on one half-lifted foot, in the foreground of the picture.

"I never saw anything so exquisite in my life," she answered, with equal earnestness.

They were silent for a moment. Their eyes explored together the lithe limbs and semi-translucent draperies of the Graces in the picture. Then he spoke again. "Do you know what it means?" he asked. "Have you read the allegory?"

He flushed with pleasure. "Yes; I found it out myself," he said; "and I've never yet published it. I found it out last time I was in Florence. No picture in the world has been so much debated as this, and no other explanation seems to me at all tenable. I'm glad you accept it, because you're the very first person in the world to whom I've braced it."

They sat there for some time, still discussing the picture. He spoke of the exquisite drawing of those taper fingers; he glanced at hers: they were as lovely as the Graces'. She spoke of the dark foliage on the orange-trees in the background, of the pink-and-white flowers that dappled the greensward beneath the feet of Primavera. The sweet solemnity of that central figure charmed her. The more they talked, the nearer they grew to one another. There are people with whom one feels instinctively, after half-an-hour's intercourse, a kinship of soul that months, or even years, could hardly accentuate.

When at last he rose, half-unwilling, from his seat, she rose too, as if naturally. He had meant to look at no more pictures that morning, but she seemed so much interested in what he showed her and told her that he went round the rooms from canvas to canvas, pointing out his favourites—the great Fra Angelico, of "The Descent from the Cross"; Gentile da Fabriano's "Adoration of the Magi"; Filippo Lippi's "Coronation of the Virgin"; Leonardo's Angel in Verrocchio's "Baptism." They sat for many minutes in rapt silence or rapt talk before each of

these masterpieces. She loved to listen to his subtle criticism; he was delighted in turn with the freshness of her receptive and penetrating intelligence.

At last, as they paused before Pacchiaretto's "Visitation," and he poured forth his ideas in that copious flood of words that came to him so naturally, she turned to him with a smile, and cried, in a tone of conviction, "Why, you must be a poet!"

"I write verses sometimes," he answered modestly.

"And publish them?"

"And publish them, also."

"What have you written?" she asked, half expecting the reply.

"Chatterton's Home," "The New Aeme," "On Welsh Hilltops," "With Dante at Verona," he answered, half timidly. "In all probability, you have never heard of them."

But she flushed with delight in return. "Then you are Hubert Reade!" she cried, enchanted. "Never heard of your verses! Why, I know them and love them. I brought 'The New Aeme' in my box from America, and 'With Dante in Verona' I know almost by heart."

His handsome, dark face beamed genuine pleasure. True poet though he was, he had not yet been recognised. "That makes another bond between us, then," he answered simply. And she took it as it was meant, for the two knew one another.

"At what hotel are you stopping?" he asked at last, after some more conversation, chiefly about his poems.

"At the Minerva," she answered.

"Why, how lucky!" he cried; "I'm stopping there, too. We shall see more of one another."

"That's delightful," she replied, with delicious candour. "We won't miss our evenings, then. I'm so glad of that, for I have only three days more left in Florence."

He gave a little start. "Only three days more!" he said, with a disappointed air. "And where do you go then?"

An hour ago he didn't know such a person existed; he didn't know her name even now, and yet his voice quivered.

"To Genoa direct," she answered, "and then home to America. I go by the new line. I sail on Friday."

"You are alone?" he asked, for he noted with a thrill the singular pronoun.

"Quite alone, though I have picked up fellow-countrywomen in travelling. I wish I could stay longer; but I am wanted in California."

"Your first trip to Europe?"

"Yes, my first trip, and, I fear, my last one."

They drove back together. It seemed as natural as if they had known one another for years. All through lunch they compared notes—Rome, Venice, Naples. Hubert Reade had never met any woman who seemed so cognate to him.

After lunch, he slept an hour or two. He had travelled all night, and was weary with the journey. About five o'clock he drove alone to the Casene. It would be cool and fresh there under the shade of the trees, and he didn't care that afternoon for pictures or statues. He avoided the noisy crowd drawn up in rows of carriages at the point where the band plays. Dismissing his cab by the corner, he strolled down towards the Arno. Near the river-bank a stone bench was let into a high semicircle of box-hedge. As he neared it he gave a start: his American was seated there!

She rose to greet him, and held out one hand with a sweet smile of welcome. "What a lucky chance!" she cried. "I spent this afternoon at San Miniato—and missed you. I wanted you to tell me all about those Spinellos. I had only my Baedeker. What a poor substitute!"

"And you came out here to rest?" he asked. His heart throbbed high, but he ignored the compliment.

"Yes, I came out here to rest. The coolness and the greenery make such a delicious change when one's eyes are tired out with too much loveliness of art. Florence sets one's brain reeling; one gets drunk with beauty. I find these trees and flowers such a gentle restorative."

"Come down by the river's bank," he said, with an impulsive gesture; "blue salvias grow there, and long sprays of yellow birthwort. You must scramble a little to get them, but 'tis well worth scrambling for. All Florence is lovely, and one hardly knows which side of it—nature or art—is the lovelier."

He led her, nothing loth, to the wild patch where anemones bloom by the Arno. It was all aglow with April flowers. Botticelli's spring seemed alive there in real earnest. They wandered long through that enchanted wilderness, and picked their hands full of posies, like two simple children. Beside them flowed the river, making music over its weir. In front of them rose the ribbed dome of the Cathedral, the pierced tower of the Campanile; all round them lay scattered bright blue and white blossoms. Spring was in the air; they stepped with light feet, like the painter's imaginings, over the many-coloured carpet. And they talked—oh, how they talked!—looking straight and deep into each other's eyes; not like boy and girl, but like man and woman, with no furtive side-glances. It is something to have reached that point in life when you know your own heart and are not afraid of it.

By-and-by he paused and looked up at her curiously. "By-the-way," he said, "do you know I haven't heard your name yet?"

"My name is Niña," she answered; "I'm half Spanish-American."

"So I would have guessed," he replied, "both by your eyes and your complexion. It's a pretty name, Niña—soft and suitable. Any surname?"

She looked him through and through. "You are a poet," she said slowly. "Why not for once let us live in the land of poetry? Why seek to label ourselves? To me, you shall be Hubert; to you, I shall

be Niña. It is truer and simpler so. We meet as human beings. Let us ask no foolish questions—age, occupation, married or single, and so forth, as if we were police commissaries. Let us take one another as we are; so we shall know ourselves better."

"You are right, Niña," he answered; "though I hardly dared to hope any woman would speak so. And is it really true you must go back in three days to America?"

"Yes; really true," she answered, holding back a sigh; "and since this morning I hate to think of it."

"Oh, how good of you!" he cried, bending forward towards her eagerly. "But is there no hope of delay? Must you sail on Friday?"

"No hope at all," she answered. "I can't bear to realise it. I found you to-day, and on Thursday I must lose you."

He looked hard into her eyes. "Well, Niña," he said softly, "we shall have but three days in our lives together. Let us make the most of them."

Her eyes swam in return. "Yes," she murmured, with dropped lashes, "that is the truest wisdom. Let us make the most of them."

"What sweet red lips!" he cried on a sudden. "Niña, may I touch them?"

The beautiful girl leant forward. "Why, surely," she answered, without a moment's hesitation. It seemed to her so perfectly natural.

The poet bent towards her. Then he drew back as if ashamed. "Oh, Niña, I daren't," he said. "On so short an acquaintance, I don't know whether I ought to."

She looked at him with a face of queenly condescension. It was the noble self-surrender of a woman who yields herself up without blame to the man she deems worthy of her. "It is *not* a short acquaintance," she answered slowly; "I have known you for years. I have read all you write. I have felt from the very first, 'Here is the mate Heaven meant for me!'"

He pressed his lips to hers. They were deep in the tangled brake of wild sage and aristolochia. The evening sky glowed rich with southern hues. Soft sunset tints lighted up Giotto's tower with rosy red in the distance.

Those next three days—ah, how fast they went! How Niña and her poet counted the hours till that black morning of Thursday! It was a perpetual comfort to them that they stopped at the same hotel, for so they were not compelled to lose one moment of each other's society.

On Wednesday afternoon, their last day together, Hubert took her round to the Riccardi Palace to see the Benozzo Gozzoli on the walls of the chapel. They sat long and gazed close at that stately procession, a pageant of kings winding its way, with slow pomp, through an exquisite landscape on its journey to Bethlehem. The three Wise Men, in gorgeous robes of state, headed the cavalcade; their followers, in royal array, brought up the endless train of knight and page behind them. Villages and moated castles looked down upon the scene, bright birds flitted gay through quaint, palm-like foliage. It is the most childishly engaging of early Tuscan fancies, a dreamland of beautiful and impossible things, painted in three scenes on the three walls of the chapel. In front stood the blank space once filled by the altar-piece.

"I wonder what went there?" Niña murmured, glancing up at it. "There must have been something to complete the composition."

"I don't know," Hubert answered, gazing back at the Benozzos. "They say the Filippo Lippi of the 'Coronation of the Virgin,' which we saw at the Belle Arti; but I think they must be wrong, for a procession of the Magi through the plain like this would almost certainly end in a Madonna and Child, with St. Joseph at their side, in the manger at Bethlehem. Yet, what does that matter? Don't let us ask about such things. Let us take these three walls with the pictures that cover them, and love them for the sake of their own evident beauty, apart from whatever else came before or went after them."

"Like our own three days," Niña murmured, still lower. A little moisture gathered dim in her eyes, half unheeded, as she said it.

"Like our own three days," Hubert answered earnestly. "Niña, I am trying hard to enjoy the picture, without looking outside the frame that bounds it. If you cross the river to the San Frediano district, you will find near the bank an old fragment of brick wall, with a fresco of Ghirlandajo's let into a deep niche, and covered with glass, like a wayside oratory. It is the dirtiest and ugliest suburb of Florence. On one hand lies the mudbank on the edge of the Arno, on the other hand stretch the squalid purlieus of the market and slaughter-house. But look straight in front, and you see the Ghirlandajo, a most beautiful work, with a touch you might almost take for Filippino's. That is what I am trying to do just now. Looking strenuously straight in front, neither to the right nor to the left, I am trying to live in the present while it is with us."

"So let us live," Niña said, "till to-morrow morning."

Next day at ten the hotel omnibus stood at the door, well laden with luggage. Hubert stood by it, with a heart just a little sinking. Niña came down in her pretty travelling dress, but her eyes bore some faint traces of recent crying. She took his hand with a gentle pressure. "It is so hard," she said, as if apologising, "to go away from Florence."

Hubert held her hand long. "The picture was beautiful," he said; "but the artist knows best. He stops short at the frame. It is the folly of the unwise that would fain inquire what lies beyond its margin."

"You are right," she replied, with a stifled sigh; "yet it is difficult to quit it. There are pictures one would wish to live with for a lifetime. For me, this was one of them. Good-bye, Hubert. We have reached the frame. Fate allows us no more. As long as I live, I must never again see you."

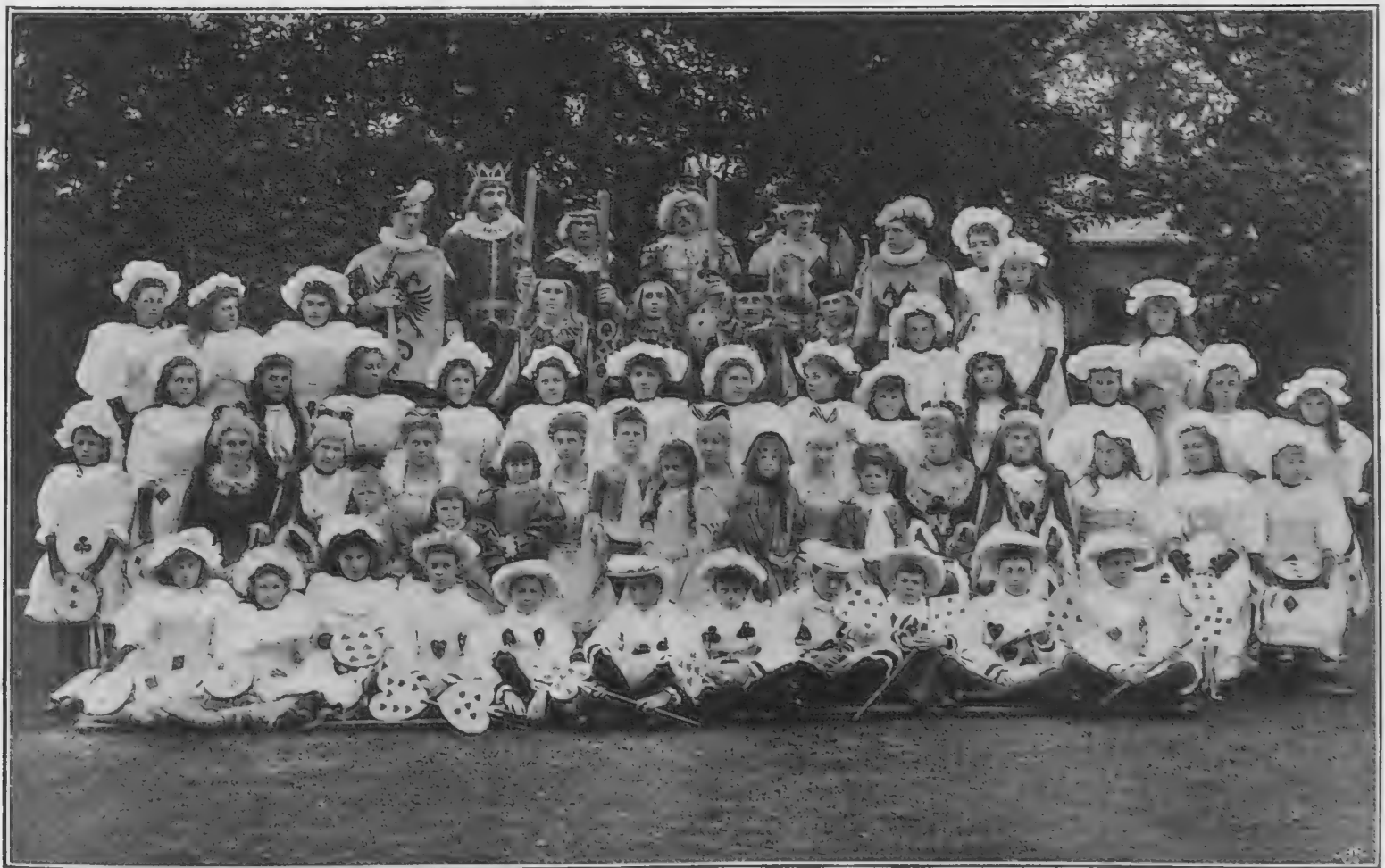
"Nor I you," he said sadly. "These three days are all. They close the episode; but our life is the richer for them."

A GAME OF WHIST WITH LIVING CARDS.

From Photographs by Wayland and Co., Blackheath.



THE FOUR ACES, THEIR ATTENDANT PAGES, AND THE HERALDS.



THE PACK.

WHIST WITH LIVING CARDS.

It was certainly a game of queer cards that was played at the St. Stephen's Village Fair, Lee, on Thursday, but it was a pretty one—no less than a living pack, as will be seen from the illustrations on the foregoing page. Under the patronage of the Blackheath, Point House, and Royal Naval College Whist Clubs, it was directed by Miss Robson, Miss Barrow, and Mr. Robert Whyte, jun., who figured as one of the heralds. The programme opened with a procession of cards. Then came a grand march and display of cards, and a gavotte and minuet by the Court cards. The common cards had a tambourine dance and fancy figuring. The game now began: shuffle, cut, and deal. Then entered the trump card with a flourish and an impromptu. The rubber was played, followed by the shutting up of the six tricks, and exit the pack in procession. The principal cards were represented as follow—

	CLUBS.	HEARTS.	SPADES.	DIAMONDS.
<i>Ace.</i>	Miss M. Mackinnon.	Miss L. B. Batchelor.	Miss May Raw.	Miss Olive Batchelor.
<i>King.</i>	Mr. Lionel Browning.	Mr. J. Escombe.	Mr. Douglas Ronald.	Mr. H. W. Jerdein.
<i>Queen.</i>	Miss Ada Dixon.	Miss Fletcher.	Miss Lillian Givens.	Miss Roe.
<i>Knave.</i>	Mr. J. H. C. Fegan.	Mr. Gordon Scott.	Mr. E. W. A. Kendall.	Mr. Arthur Horne.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

<i>Grand Rehearsal Day</i>	Friday, June 22.
<i>"The Messiah"</i>	Monday, June 25.
<i>Selection Day</i>	Wednesday, June 27.
<i>"Israel in Egypt"</i>	Friday, June 29.

It hardly seems possible that three years have passed since the last Handel Festival was held under the dome of the Crystal Palace, on those bright days in June when the glass roof acted as a powerful conductor of sunshine and heat. It was not a festival distinguished by the presence of very many famous folks; if my memory serves me, there were no members of the Royal Family to grace the proceedings. Neither the Prime Minister nor the ex-Premier found time to attend; but there was the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., one of the profoundest students of Handel that we have, as a representative of the unusual conjunction of politics and music. And on one of the festival days I sat near Anton Dvorák, who had come to England primarily to receive his Doctor's degree from Cambridge University.

The *personnel* of the soloists has changed in several respects since 1891. The *doyen* of the festival, fortunately, remains—Mr. Charles Santley, who can proudly point to the unique experience of singing, at the age of sixty, at his eleventh Handel Festival. And Madame Albani again exercises her brilliant gifts, to the delight of all. Instead of Miss Macintyre, who is still charming audiences at La Scala, we have this year the pleasure of greeting Miss Ella Russell. Madame Melba compensates for the absence of Madame Nordica; Madame Clara Samuel has well earned her right to appear; and Miss Anna Williams, for the second time, will strengthen the soprano soloists with her presence. It was originally intended that an opportunity should be given for Miss Emma Juch to prove how admirably she is suited for oratorio singing, but that lady's engagements in America proved unalterable. Instead of Madame Belle Cole, there is that rising English contralto, Miss Clara Butt, whose voice will probably make an excellent effect in the vast auditorium. Miss Marian McKenzie assured her reappearance by the admirable way in which she fulfilled her duties at the last festival. Mr. Ben Davies, fresh from his triumphal tour in America, divides with Mr. Edward Lloyd the tenor solos, in place of Mr. Barton McGuckin, who did this in 1891. In exchange for those excellent vocalists, Messrs. Bridson and Brereton, we have Messrs. Norman Salmond and Andrew Black, both of whom have not previously appeared at a Handel Festival. At the organ, too, we shall have Mr. Walter W. Hedgecock, *vice* Mr. Alfred J. Eyre, resigned. Mr. W. T. Best will be missed by those who heard his splendid playing of the Organ Concerto in F in 1891.

SOME OF THE SOLOISTS.

A good many years have passed since Mrs. Crawford, the brilliant correspondent of the *Daily News* in Paris, wrote a glowing account of a Miss Albani, who soon afterwards arrived in London to justify all the eulogies spoken of her singing. It was twenty-two years ago that she made her *début* at Covent Garden Theatre in "La Sonnambula," and since that date her career has been one of uninterrupted success. Emma La Jeunesse was born Nov. 1, 1851, at the village of Chambly, near Montreal, where her father was a professor of music. She early developed a remarkable aptitude, and could play all Beethoven's sonatas at sight when only eight years old. After receiving a convent education, she crossed the border to Albany, in the United States—a town which afterwards supplied the singer with her *nom de théâtre*. Here she became organist, at the age of sixteen, of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, teaching the choir, of which, previously, she had been leading soprano. The undoubted beauty and strength of her voice led her to Europe, and in Paris she studied for the opera under Duprez, and afterwards at Milan, under the wise guidance of Lamperti. It was at Messina that she made her first appearance in opera, playing the rôle of Amina with conspicuous success, which was repeated soon after in Florence and Malta. These early days are often recalled with pleasure by Madame Albani, who, naturally, has a special affection for the opera in which she made her *début* both on the Continent and in the Metropolis. Her favourite work is "Otello," but her admirers would

fain claim "Lohengrin" as the opera in which she excels. It was her singing in the latter which so charmed the late Emperor William of Germany that he conferred on Madame Albani the title of Hof Kammer-sängerin, and presented her with a medal, which often gleams on her dress side by side with the Jubilee medal, which was one of Queen Victoria's many evidences of her Majesty's admiration. Not only on the lyric stage, but quite as remarkably in oratorio, has this great vocalist been the delight of thousands and thousands in all parts of the world who have never witnessed her operatic triumphs. The multitudes who have in six past Handel Festivals thronged the Crystal Palace, or crowded some of the stately cathedrals or imposing halls in our land, associate Madame Albani's name with the ringing notes of "Hear ye, Israel," or the dulcet sweetness of "I know that my Redeemer liveth." To them she is the famous interpreter of Handel, Mendelssohn, Spohr, and other composers of what is termed sacred music. She is an extremely rapid student of new music, and diligently practises her art every day. Her recreations are not many, though for astronomy she has a love, as befits a "star" in another firmament. In private life she is Mrs. Ernest Gye; she resides near the Albert Hall, which she has filled so often with her lovely voice.

It will be Madame Melba's first appearance at the Handel Festival. So high is her reputation in the world of music that one forgets that she has only just passed her twenty-ninth birthday. She was born in Melbourne, and is, perhaps, the first Colonial singer to attain the highest honours in opera. Her actual *début* took place when she was only six years old, the child singing ballads to her own accompaniment at a charity concert in her native place. She studied for a year under Madame Marchesi, of Paris, so many of whose pupils have leapt speedily into fame. At the Théâtre de la Monnaie, in Brussels, she made her stage *début* on Oct. 15, 1887. The rôle she played was Gilda in "Rigoletto," and her success was instantaneous. The following year she appeared at Covent Garden, achieving a distinct triumph in "Lucia di Lammermoor," which was revived the other day in London, specially for her benefit. For six seasons Madame Melba has visited us, each time adding to her position as one of the ablest of operatic artists. She has also appeared in Paris, where, last year, her rendering of "Sweet Bird" in Handel's "Allegro et Penseroso" created a great sensation at a musical *fête*. For her M. Bemberg composed "Elaine," which was produced in London two years ago, a work which gives ample opportunities for her fine voice. The Italians showed great enthusiasm when she sang in La Scala, Milan; and, as she excels in the smooth rendering of florid music, it is probable she will add to her many triumphs at the forthcoming Handel Festival.

Miss Anna Williams, who, for the second time, assists with the principal soprano solos at the Handel Festival, made her first professional appearance at the Crystal Palace twenty years ago. She once told the story of her musical career in most interesting fashion in the *Girl's Own Paper*. She came very rapidly to the front of her profession, and then stayed there. Her beautiful voice, which is so eminently suited for the concert platform, was trained in Naples by Domenico Scafati, after tuition from Mr. J. B. Welch, and now it seems fully capable of filling any auditorium, however vast. Moreover, Miss Williams may be relied upon in time of emergency, and everybody who has had the arrangement of entertainments knows how valuable is such a person. A little example of her readiness will not be out of place. At the recent Birmingham Festival, Dvorák's Requiem Mass was announced for performance, and the soprano music was allotted to Madame Albani. Just at the critical moment, when the good people of Birmingham were anticipating the pleasure of hearing the great Canadian, she was taken ill and could not appear. The committee was quite upset, and the odds must have gone against any performance had not Miss Williams come courageously to the rescue and undertaken the part, which she had not previously even studied. Her success was as great as her courage, and the committee acknowledged its indebtedness by presenting her with a diamond star. This was a well-merited attention, for the successful creation of such a part implies much more than mere technical perfection. She has a great belief in gymnastics and fencing for girls, as she has found them of value to herself in strengthening her voice.

Plymouth boasts of being the birthplace of Miss Marian McKenzie. She received her early training as a singer from Mr. Samuel Weekes, afterwards proceeding, at the age of eighteen, to the Royal Academy, where she victoriously carried off the Parepa-Rosa Scholarship from thirty competitors. Signor Randegger was her teacher there, and she won all the medals and honours open to vocalists. She made her *début* at the London Ballad Concerts. Under a *nom de théâtre*, she created the rôle of Fraiset in Planquette's "Old Guard," but, preferring oratorios and ballads to *opéra bouffe*, she left the stage after six months. She is married to Mr. Smith-Williams, a brother of Miss Anna Williams, by whose long experience Miss McKenzie has much profited. This will be the second Handel Festival at which she has sung, and the same music is allotted to her as in 1891. Miss Marian McKenzie especially excels in beautiful enunciation, and she exercises her fine contralto voice with a refined art which always wins favour. Her first appearance at a State Concert, on May 28, at Buckingham Palace, was an unqualified success. She rendered on this occasion Sullivan's "Willow Song," which is also associated in her memory with the winning of the Westmoreland Scholarship.

LUTE.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.



MADAME MELBA.

Photo by Guigoni and Bossi, Milan.



MISS MARIAN MCKENZIE.

Photo by Walery, Regent Street.



MADAME ALBANI.

Photo by Walery, Regent Street.

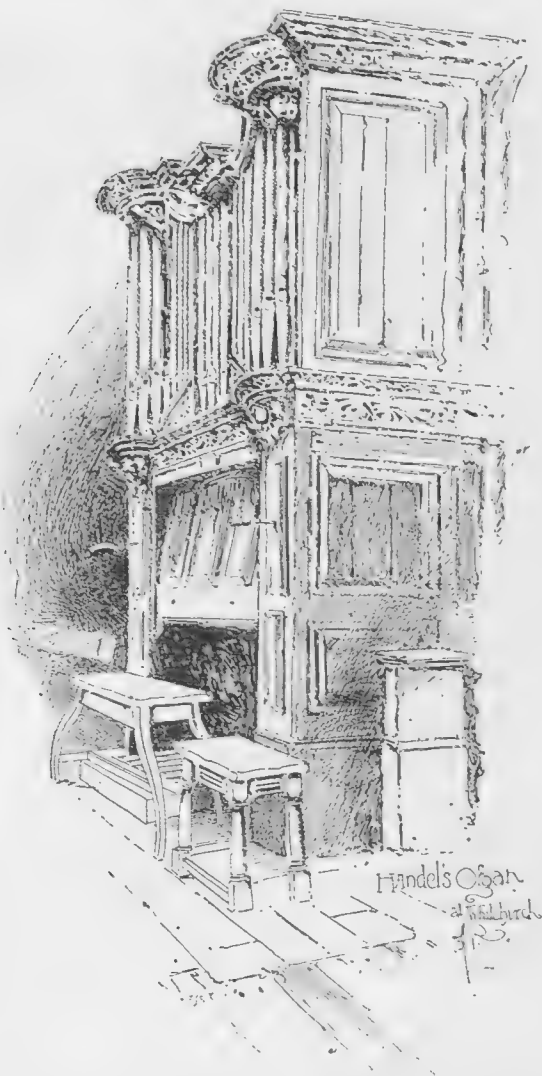


MISS ANNA WILLIAMS.

Photo by G. Harding, Lincoln.

MEMORIALS OF HANDEL.

To some of us, one of the most pathetic things in the National Gallery is the palette which was wielded by Constable. Near to his masterpieces it is to be seen—a humble instrument of his art, with the once-glowing



colours dried and dulled by Time. The medium of art—whether it be a palette, a pen, or a violin bow—has the power of arousing an interest which is, after all, a very allowable and pardonable sentiment. No wonder, therefore, that visitors gaze with reverence at the organ upon which George Frederick Handel performed in the parish church of Whitechurch, near Edgware. I am sorry to hear that various portions of this edifice are in a dilapidated condition. The church, which the graceful pencil of Mr. Herbert Railton portrays on this page, was formerly the private chapel of Handel's patron, the Duke of Chandos. It was after Handel's visit to Germany, marked by his generous benevolence to the widow of his old master, that the Duke appointed him, in 1718, to succeed Pepusch as the director of music at his country seat, Canons. For three years he officiated here as organist, and during this time he composed twelve anthems, two Te Deums, and his first English oratorio, "Esther." For the last-named the Duke gave him £1000. The exquisite pastoral "Acis and Galatea" is another of his works associated with Whitechurch. He who wends his way through the lovely glades around Edgware will be well repaid, if he possess any emotion, by a sight of the instrument which resounded 175 years ago to the melodies of the great Saxon. On the ceiling and walls of the church may be seen the Scriptural paintings of Laguerre, while Bellucci was responsible for the decoration on either side of the altar. But the musician will only have eyes for the modest, old-fashioned organ, whose notes lent themselves to the inspiration of Handel in some of his finest moments. One can imagine the young organist, then thirty-three years old, with his prominent black eyebrows and over-cast face, yet with a smile like the sun bursting out of a black cloud, playing in the solitariness of the church, with no one save himself for audience. The afternoon light has waned, and the sun's beams have begun to dance on the walls like golden waves, yet still Handel plays on for very love of music, and, as the lark sings, because he must. Surely it would not be a difficult matter for those thousands who admire his genius to preserve this ancient fabric at Whitechurch from the destruction which threatens it. There is another organ linked with memories of Handel, and probably more familiar to the public than the before-mentioned. Eleven times did Handel conduct his immortal oratorio "The Messiah" in the Foundling

Hospital, raising by these means the noble sum of nearly £7000. This, however, did not exhaust his liberality towards this deserving institution, for he gave the fine organ which still leads the children's voices with its mellow notes.

A third memorial of Handel—and one that has been seen by many thousands who have never heard of Whitechurch and never entered the Foundling Hospital—is Roubillac's monument in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey. Close to it the tablet to Jenny Lind was placed not many weeks ago, bearing the same inscription which is graven on the scroll held by Handel—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." I may mention that on the grave of Jenny Lind, in Malvern Cemetery, there are also these words, which are so attached to Handel's genius and the great singer's fame, and none could be more appropriate. It was standing before one of Roubillac's statues that the well-known tribute to the sculptor's marvellous power was paid by an onlooker, "Hush! it is about to speak." As a graceful example of Roubillac at his best, as well as a monument to one of the grandest composers who ever lived, this memorial to Handel is always interesting to the many thousands who, year in, year out, visit Westminster Abbey. But the memorials which will ever echo his fame are the great oratorios which are again proving the irresistible magnet to attract multitudes to the Crystal Palace, which has so often before shown the spectacle of the largest audience in the world listening to the majestic strains of Handel's music. Gathered from far and wide, musicians cross the Atlantic, or speed across Europe, to be present on this wonderful occasion. To be a soloist at the Handel Festival is to put the seal on a singer's reputation; to join in the mighty chorus which revels in the antiphony of "Israel in Egypt" or the sublime music of "The Messiah" is the highest ambition of many a provincial vocalist. If either a singer or an instrumentalist obtains commendation, or passes the scrutiny of watchful Mr. August Manns, then is he or she happy. The conductor is a marvellous student of Handel, and has a genius for infusing his intense enthusiasm into those who respond to his *bâton*. Mr. August Manns is in reality a memorial to Handel, as he stands facing his enormous choir of four thousand voices and his splendid orchestra of picked musicians for his fifth Handel Festival.

D. W.



THE CHURCH NEAR EDGWARE, WHERE HANDEL WAS ORGANIST.



HANDEL'S ORGAN AT WHITCHURCH, EDGWARE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN H. GEAR.

"THE DIVINE SARAH."

THE BERNHARDT RÉPERTOIRE.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I never shall forget the first night I ever saw Sarah Bernhardt, the gifted artist with the golden voice, by far the greatest actress, to my mind, of the last half-century. She was playing Doña Sol in



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

"Hernani," and I sat spellbound in the stalls of the Théâtre Français, in Paris. "Hernani," by Victor Hugo, is a magnificent but dull play: it contains one speech, that lasts about twenty minutes in the recital; but it was well worth sitting out that dull, long play for the sake of the superb *finale*, the love scene and death scene combined. At that time "the divine Sarah" was in the very sunshine of her career. She had not been talked about, and eccentricity in connection with her had not been mentioned. She had not slept in coffins, or gone up in balloons, or dressed up as a boy in her *salon de sculpture*, or kept tame panthers or lions, or written books. And now you will ask me, What is the finest thing Sarah Bernhardt has ever done on the stage? The question is a supremely difficult one to answer, when we remember the superb triumphs she has accomplished. At one moment I should say the last scene of "Hernani"; at another, the death scene in "Adrienne Lecouvreur." The piteous accents, "*Je ne peux pas mourir!*" of the poisoned woman ring in my ears as I write. Then I should shift my ground, and say the middle act in "Phèdre," which many declare to be even finer than Rachel. But there is one play that has never been seen in England, in which Sarah Bernhardt created the only female character, and it showed her absolutely at her best. I allude to "La Fille de

Roland," by Vicomte Henri de Bornier, produced at the Français in 1875. There was one scene in that play, where Sarah Bernhardt looks out of a window and describes a battle in the days of Charlemagne, which was one of the finest effects I ever saw on the modern stage. In "Frou-Frou" I am inclined to give the palm to Aimée Desclée in preference to Sarah Bernhardt; but, still, it is difficult to be dogmatic on the point when one remembers the scene with the sisters and the childlike death of Desclée's successor. In "La Dame aux Camélias," however, Sarah has had no rivals. Her writing of the letter of farewell to her lover after the interview with the father made the whole house sob. Signora Duse made nothing of it, and passed it by as an immaterial point. But in Dumas' play came a totally different death scene, where Sarah, as Marguerite Gautier, dropped down from her lover's shoulder like a broken lily mown down by an unskilful gardener.

The Sardou plays belong to another period of the actress's art. When Sardou began to write for her, she was in her artistic prime, though it is false to say that any praise or adulation has ever spoiled Sarah Bernhardt. She is an actress of moods. Sometimes she plays a part infinitely better on one night than on another; I have seen her walk through a part one evening and be magnificent the next. But when she is in the vein, and in love, no one can touch Sarah Bernhardt in her power, her passion, and her wailing tenderness. Well, how am I to decide between *Fédora*, *La Tosca*, and *Théodora*? She was at her best in all of them. The scene with the dead lover and the sealing-wax scene in the first play; the supper scene, from first to last, in the second play; the love scene on the bench in "Théodora," and the stabbing of her lover's enemy with her hairpin—who shall choose between these superb effects, these instances of inspired acting that make most other attempts at playing almost puny and ridiculous by their side? And this statement I will emphatically make, and it is that, to my mind, Sarah Bernhardt has never grown old to the detriment of her art. She is stouter than she was, she who was but a shadow of a woman when first we saw her, but we never feel inclined to say of her, "Ah! but you should have seen her years ago!" I simply know this, that the last season she played in London, at D'Oyly Carte's Theatre, was infinitely the finest she has ever given us. The voice was as golden as ever, the style as admirable, the inspiration as pronounced. Her failures have been comparatively few. Her *Lady Macbeth* and *Joan of Arc* might have been better, and I am sorry that she ever wasted her time and talent over the pastoral play that she showed us last time in London, written by a clever young member of her company. That failure was due to her good nature. And now we are to have the pleasure of seeing Sarah Bernhardt in a few days in several new creations: first, the Buddhist drama called "Izéyl," an Eastern version of an Oberammergau Passion Play. This was a wise compromise. She desired a Passion Play from Holy Writ, but "Izéyl" was preferred instead. But, besides *Izéyl*, "the divine Sarah" is to play for the first time "*La Femme de Claude*," written by the younger Dumas for his gifted friend Aimée Desclée, who created the female character. It is a fine play, and will be accepted so in these days, when it is believed that modern plays with strong motives, or problem plays, as they have been happily called by Mr. Sydney Grundy, are affairs of last week, and belong to London. Dumas has been writing them for over thirty years. And, most interesting of all, we are to see Sarah in Alfred de Musset's delicious dramatic poem, "*On ne badine pas avec l'Amour*."



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

IN "LEAHY."



Photo by Sarony, New York.
IN "THÉODORA."



Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.
IN "LEAH."



Photo by Sarony, New York.
IN "CLÉOPÂTRE."



Photo by Sarony, New York.
IN "RUY BLAS."

THE ACTRESS AND HER ART.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest!" *Eleonora s'en va; vive Sara!* Do not be afraid: I am not going, if I can help it, to compare two incomparable artists. On the contrary, I am rather anxious to "clear my mind" of the new love, and revive and review my



Photo by Sarony, New York.

SARAH BERNHARDT IN "LEAH."

impressions of the old. Now that she is about to revisit us, I think we should accept the great actress of our time—oh yes, there is no doubt about it, she is the great actress of our time—simply on her own merits.

Do you realise that Sarah Bernhardt, whatever we may think of her as an artist, is far and away the most conspicuous personage that ever trod the stage? Never before in the history of the world has a player ranked among the most prominent and universally-known personalities of the age. Great actors and actresses have had their local fame, and even, in some cases, a very wide renown among the artistic classes, the playgoers, of different countries. Sarah Bernhardt, on the other hand, is a familiar personality to millions who never saw the inside of a playhouse. She is famous, as the Czar or the Kaiser, as Bismarck or Gladstone, is famous. Her name is known to thousands who do not know who is President of the United States or of the French Republic.

This resounding notoriety is due to three causes. Firstly, of course, she chanced to be born into an age of multitudinous publicity, of high-pressure journalism. For the past fifteen years "SARAH DAY BY DAY" might have been a standing rubric in half the papers of the civilised world. Her "iconography" alone will one day make the life-study of some theatrical antiquary. A collection of Bernhardt caricatures would already bulk as largely as the caricatures of the First Napoleon. Secondly, she is by temperament, and apart from all pose and design, a creature of incessant, feverish activity. We are apt to forget that her eccentricities were famous long before her genius. While as yet she was scarcely an actress at all, when her record consisted of a few attempts of doubtful promise, and all *sans lendemain*, she was already a Parisian personality noted for her escapades, her vivacity of tongue and hand, her appearances and her disappearances. We are apt to fancy that after attaining a certain distinction as an actress, and especially after her London triumphs of '79, she had deliberate recourse to all possible methods of advertisement in order to foster and exploit her nascent notoriety. This is, in a sense, an injurious misconception. Her restless energy, her eccentricity, her dilettantism, her cabotinism, are all inborn and temperamental, not matters of affectation or calculation. We may pretty safely guess that at one period of her life she was spurred to hectic effort by the desire to compress as much as possible of sensation and of achievement into a span which threatened to be brief. It is in human nature—in some natures, at any rate—to make the fact that the life-candle seems short a reason for burning it at both ends. She is said to have risen at six in the morning a whole winter through in order to work at her sculpture; and when she

was fired with the ambition to play Lady Macbeth in the original tongue, she proposed that her English instructress should give her half an hour daily, from 2 to 2.30 a.m., that being the only moment she could find to spare. Some people are born to advertisement, some achieve advertisement, and some have advertisement thrust upon them. Sarah Bernhardt may be said to belong to all three categories: to the last two very clearly, and to the first in so far that her innate explosiveness, so to speak, was predestined to make a noise in the world.

The third and determining condition of her renown is, of course, her genius for acting, and the particular nature of that genius. It is in its very essence cosmopolitan. Edward Brandes, one of her most thoughtful critics, has rightly insisted on the mixture of races in her ancestry as explaining the fact that she is tied down by no national or local limitations. Mrs. Siddons was a typical Englishwoman; even if she had been born in these railroad times, her genius would probably not have carried her beyond the limits of Greater Britain. Rachel was a Jewess; she had in her, one may gather, a far deeper spring of poetry and passion, but she had nothing like the flexibility, the many-sidedness, of her successor. Desclée, again, was a typical Parisienne. In Sarah, if we may believe her biographers, there is something of the Hebrew, something of the Teuton, something of the Celt; there is a complexity, a multiplicity of temperament, which makes her at home among all races, tribes, and tongues. And her natural gifts have been cultivated with assiduous art, until she has become the most exquisite *mannerist* that ever lived. She is not so much an observer, creator, impersonator of character, as an incomparable instrument on which the poet plays, or, rather, a golden mouthpiece through which he speaks. Her voice is, perhaps, the most wonderful work of art of the century, unless we reserve that distinction for her physical personality, her languorous movements, her serpentine gestures, her enigmatic, alluring, haunting smile. Her art as a whole, whether of *Plastik* or of utterance, approaches very near to music in its universality of appeal. It is not in the least necessary to understand the words she utters. She is an incarnate harmony, which speaks intelligibly to the nerves, if not to the brain, of all mankind. And then the delicacy, the purity of her contours enables her to make franker confession and display of sex than would be possible, without vulgarity, to almost any



Photo by Falk, Sydney.

AS PAULINE BLANCHARD.

other woman; and sex-magnetism knows no frontiers. When acting within the limits of her subtle, sensitive, sublimely-artificial personality, she is always irresistible; it is only when she travels beyond her physical strength or her mental capacity that criticism, in the sense of remonstrance, finds a word to utter.

When she last visited us she was wearied, and her artistic sense was, perhaps, a trifle dulled by a long period of globe-trotting; now she comes to us fresh from Paris, and from a new series of successes. Her *Izéyi* was received with acclamation, her *Phèdre* was unanimously declared to have ripened into a masterpiece, and to be the triumph of her whole career. She promises to appear, moreover, in two new characters.

AN APPRECIATION.

BY A. B. WALKLEY.

There is a book of profound interest and solid value only waiting the competent hand to get itself written. I should say the competent hands, for it will be one of those vast works that are not to be undertaken save by co-operative effort. This book will be "The History of Popular Enthusiasm," the book of the future. In encyclopædic range it will vie



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.
IN "LA TOSCA."

with Dr. Murray's English Dictionary, in mere bulk it will exceed the "Acta Sanctorum" of the learned Bollandists. It will embrace all the ages, and harmonise the strangest incongruities; it will include Peter the Hermit and Jumbo, the Seven Bishops and the Two-Headed Nightingale, the Tichborne Claimant and Ladas. And it will have to approach these diverse matters both from the inside and the outside, giving us their psychological analysis as well as their sociological classification. One of its most important volumes will deal with the stage, and not the least important chapter in that important volume will be headed "Sarah Bernhardt." For it is with this lady as with all very great stage-players, as it was, notably, with David Garrick and Sarah Siddons, and Edmund Kean and Rachel: the mere artistic interest of the player as an interpreter of drama is swallowed up in the far greater significance of the player as a means of exciting the contagious enthusiasm of the crowd. It is a weird, mysterious thing, that force which produces what are commonly called "waves" of emotion. The science of emotional meteorology, its currents and vortices, its cyclones, anti-cyclones, and tornados, is still in its infancy. We none of us know why the mere juxtaposition of human beings in the playhouse should give the feeling of the collected mass not merely a higher intensity, but a different character from the feeling of any of its separate units. But so it is. An amount of nervous energy has been generated in theatrical audiences by the sight of Madame Bernhardt's anguish in the torture scene of "La Tosca" which, diverted into the proper channels of electricity or heat by skilled engineers, would light the streets of London or propel a Cunarder across the Atlantic. To measure that energy, to assign its cause, to reduce it to a formula, these are among the services to be rendered by that great book of the future, "The History of Popular Enthusiasm."

It is curious that real emotion of great intensity can be excited in masses of human beings assembled in the playhouse by the mere spectacle of the skill with which another human being presents emotions that are not real. Here is a Franco-Dutch Jewess pretending to be a Byzantine Empress, or a Russian Princess, or an Egyptian Queen, or

an Italian *Cantatrice*, in each character simulating the agonies of death while in perfect health, and driving all the onlookers nearly frantic with excitement, pity, horror, or perhaps sheer animal bloodthirstiness. But the woman who has thrilled the nerves of all nations cannot herself have remained unaffected. I would give a good deal to know what she thinks of the *cosmos*, and, more particularly, of herself. Remember that her case is unique. There is only one Sarah Bernhardt. She has achieved in her lifetime triumphs of fame which to others of the human race, and that only in very few instances, come centuries after death. Not the greatest heroes of the world's history, not Caesar, nor Charlemagne, nor Napoleon, have tasted visible, instant, material glory as she has tasted it; these have had their battlefields, coronations, applause of armies, senates—mere occasional pieces—but night after night for years she has seen the cheering, heaving multitude of her subjects before her, and, as it were, passes her life as the centre of a perpetual pageant. What does she think of it all? Perhaps not so much as one ingenuously imagines. Perhaps she has enough of the philosopher in her to rate playhouse enthusiasm at its proper value. Perhaps she thinks little of the human race, which can be made so helplessly to yield up to her the control of its emotions and lets itself be hypnotised with such alacrity. Perhaps she takes it all in the way of business, is solely concerned with the prosaic problem, "How much there is in the house to-night," and is merely longing for the play to be over, that she may get to rest. But no; such mental detachment—or callous insensibility—as that is not in nature. A temperament of iron could not hold out against the intoxicating, bewildering consciousness of the power which this woman knows she can exert over any audience in any civilised society: how much less a temperament like hers, the very stuff out of which her own heroines are made, all quivering nerves and throbbing pulse! Freed from the ordinary restraints of human life, full of the sense of absolute power, flattered to the top of her bent by all in her train, she may very likely reproduce what Paul Bourget would call the *état d'âme* of a Roman Emperor of the Decadence, the illimitable, fantastic caprice of some Caligula or Tiberius, more nearly than any other—the greatest of our contemporaries. Mark you, I say very likely; of course, it is all a conjecture, but a conjecture which, perhaps, may serve to reconcile the rest of us—the millions of ordinary persons who have not fired the two hemispheres with enthusiasm—to our humble lot.



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.
IN "PHÈDRE."



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AS DAVID REMON IN "THE MASQUERADERS,"
AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



MISS GRANVILLE AS HELEN LARONDIE IN "THE MASQUERADERS,"
AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The subject which Mr. T. C. Gotch chose this year for his deservedly-admired "Child Enthroned" opens, as it were, by a side avenue a very interesting little question upon the subjects generally held sacred to artists. The worship of the child is, it may generally be said, an essentially modern one. If you go back in literature beyond a certain period, you will scarcely find one sympathetic or intimate reference

the newly-born clasped upon His mother's breast, with—the homeliness of the phrase will be pardoned—its despairing weakness of backbone, was a revelation for art, old as it is for life; and so Mr. Gotch, interpreting the tendencies of the age, gives us his "Child Enthroned," and symbolically traces an interesting development in the history of artistic subjects.

Mr. J. Vincent Gibson, in his "Royal Ascot," has added another *magnum opus* to his previous well-known sporting *ensemble* pictures of "The Quorn Hunt," "The Coaching Club," and "The Meet of the Four-in-Hand Club." His latest work measures 16 ft. by 8 ft., and was painted, we understand, under commission from Colonel North, to whom the copyright belongs. Everyone, almost, in the sporting world may be discovered in the enclosure, from the Prince of Wales downwards. Particularly recognisable are the portraits of his Royal Highness, the Dukes of Devonshire, Richmond, Portland, and Beaufort, and of Lord Russell, Sir Henry Hawkins, Sir Frederick Milner, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord George Nevill, and Colonel North; while the pretty face of many a noble dame and a score of "smart frocks" give additional brightness to the animated crowd. A string of thoroughbreds in the distance helps to complete the atmosphere of a representative Cup Day.

The famous "Codex Atlanticus" of Leonardo da Vinci, which is so jealously guarded in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, and for which King Charles I. offered in vain a thousand guineas in 1630 to carry the treasure over to England, is now to be reproduced in its entirety, thanks to the enterprise of Signor Ulrico Hoepli, the well-known publisher of Milan. The "Codex Atlanticus" reveals and confirms the fact, in its 800 pages, with 1750 drawings and writings of Leonardo, that the great



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A KNIFE-GRINDER IN THE ARDENNES.—GEORGE FLEMWELL.

Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

to the child. Homer, indeed, who absorbed nearly all the world's multitudinous sympathies, noted also on the wing, as it were, the timidity of the child, and Astyanax trembles at the nodding plumes of Hector.

It may be safely concluded that the enormous quantities of *bambini* painted by the Italian masters were not the result of a human adoration of the child, but of a quasi-religious convention. The bulk of these babies consist of solid, well-fed, and year-old children, who have told the painters none of their secrets of childhood, who are merely objective specimens of humanity, and who usually have no personal charm at all. It is quite curious to find, upon the examination of picture after picture, what an unnatural view these masters seemed to take of the new-born baby. The new-born baby is helpless, with an unutterably pathetic dependence and clinging. We do not think that this sentiment has been once expressed in the whole range of Italian art.

Raffaële, indeed, had some of the sentiment of childhood, as he has proved once for all; but, perhaps, once only, in the *bambino* of the Dresden Madonna, and also in the two boy-angels of the same picture. Even Sir Joshua's angels of the National Gallery cannot compare successfully with these beautifully unconscious faces. Nevertheless, one must make a bold sweep from Raffaële to the portrait-painters of last century to find, at all events, a *persistent* sympathy with childhood. Sir Joshua, for example, painted young children with all their own simplicity and unconscious sweetness. His "Master Hamilton," exhibited at Burlington House a winter or two ago, is a triumph of this kind of effect. Gainsborough never proved altogether the same divine intimacy with the child; notwithstanding this, he often painted children beautifully.

So the enthronement of the child has progressed to this day, which, in literature, boasts this as one of its most engrossing qualities; and it was reserved to a painter of this day to paint the newly-born, in its sheer and hopeless helplessness, for the first time in pictorial art. Anybody who remembers the triptych of the Nativity, by Von Uhde, exhibited three or four years ago at the French Gallery in Pall Mall, will understand how this conclusion is reached; for this was a masterpiece, not of realism alone, but also of sympathetic and intimate observation;



NIGHTINGALES.—J. N. DRUMMOND.

Exhibited by Mr. Mendoza at the St. James's Gallery, King Street, S.W.

genius was as well at home in military art, mathematics and geometry, as in physics and astronomy, in hydraulics, mechanics, and industrial appliances, as in architecture.

The original text is to be reproduced in fac-simile in heliotype, and to this original reproduction is to be joined "a purely orthographical reduction in print." Of the thirty-five parts composing the work, each containing forty plates, 20 in. by 15 in. in size, on specially hand-made



VICE GAMBLING WITH DEATH.—A. HÄNDEL GEAR.
Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

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paper, not less than five are to be issued annually, the whole to be completed in 1900. Only 280 copies of the work are to be issued, of which the publisher offers the first 200 at £48 each for subscribers paying in advance, or at £1 10s. per part payable on delivery. The remaining eighty copies will not be sold at less than £1 16s. per part.

Once again a judgment has been delivered upon that difficult and delicate subject, the living pictures at the Empire Theatre, and once again the traffickers in these compositions have won the day on the appeal. We expressed a view upon the original case which was shared by her Majesty's advisers. That was a matter difficult enough for adjudication, but it was nothing to the new case. If the Empire Theatre had not infringed any copyright in reproducing, by the help of living people, one fac-simile of a copyrighted picture, upon the principle that the reproduction was not for sale to the general public for the sake of preservation, what was to be said of such papers as the *Daily Graphic*, which, in reproducing the living picture, had as a matter of fact upset the reasonableness of the original judgment?

The judge of the lower Court decided that the reproduction was an infringement of the original copyright, upon the very natural grounds that it was, as it were, a return from an exception to the general instance of the law. The reproduction being one of a reproduction might reasonably be called one of the original. An appeal was made, which, it was arranged, should be regarded as final, and judgment has now been given in this case. The odd thing about this judgment is that, although it has precisely the reverse effect of the first judgment, it sounds just as reasonable.

Lord Justice Lindley's grounds for reversing the decision of the lower Court, however, were not based upon any general principles, as were those of that Court. He dealt, and, no doubt, wisely, with the particular details of the situation, rather than with such general principles. He urged, for instance, that the paper in question had sent two persons—one to write about, and the other to make sketches

"of an entertainment, consisting of persons dressed up and grouped to represent certain subjects." And here came the particular point of the decision: "The sketches published by the defendants were merely rough sketches of these representations, and did not in any way represent the artistic merit of the plaintiff's pictures." The natural conclusion followed that "it was scarcely possible to regard the sketches as representing the plaintiff's pictures."

So far, then, we have a definite and particular case to go upon; but this by no means fixes any general law, and we are as much in the dark as ever in regard to the abstract case of reproducing the representation as we were before. If, for example, some illustrated paper, say, *The Sketch*, had taken ordinary pains and care to reproduce in as perfect a manner as possible what was generally acknowledged to be nearly a perfect representation of the original picture, what would the decision then have been? The judge appears to have relied upon the fact that the sketches in the *Daily Graphic* in no way represented the artistic merit of the original picture; but if, on the contrary, the artistic merit of the original picture were well represented, in spite of its double translation, what would the decision then have been? The

case is extremely interesting, and worth discussion. One must pay a tribute to the various counsel who appeared in the case for their apparent mastery of the technical intricacies of printing and illustration work. They must have studied more than their briefs in this matter.

We really think that we shall have this year a genuinely interesting Japanese Exhibition in London, and, certainly, if the achievement equals our expectations, that trust will not be found a false one. Mr. Louis Fagan, who is, we believe, responsible for the original idea, desires to exhibit, if the vulgar word may be forgiven, the Japanese to our eyes precisely as they appear in the performance of their daily work. We learn that the scheme has been taken up with enthusiasm by everybody who is likely to be interested in it, and we confidently anticipate a brilliant success.



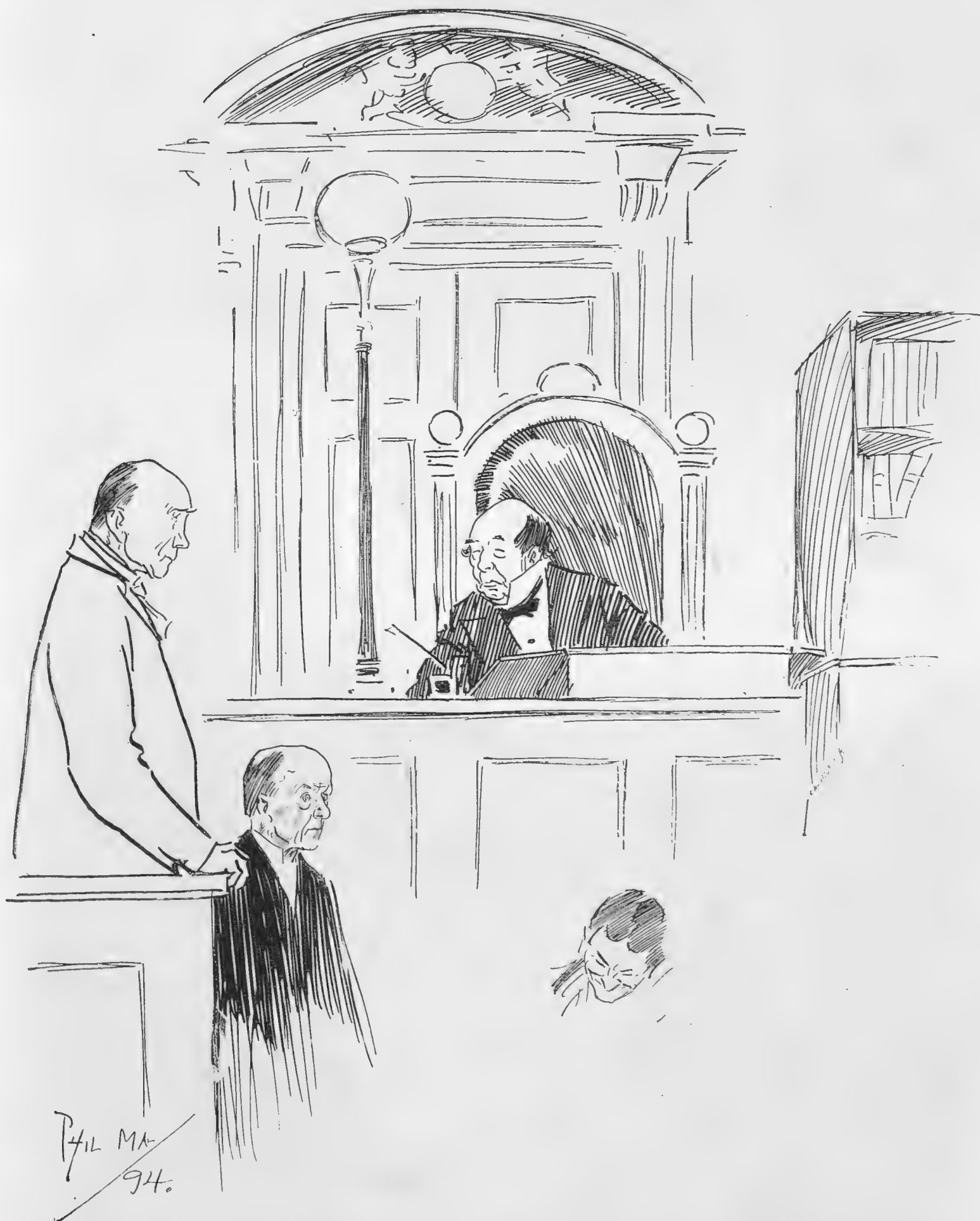
VENETIAN GOLD.—J. R. WEGUELIN.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

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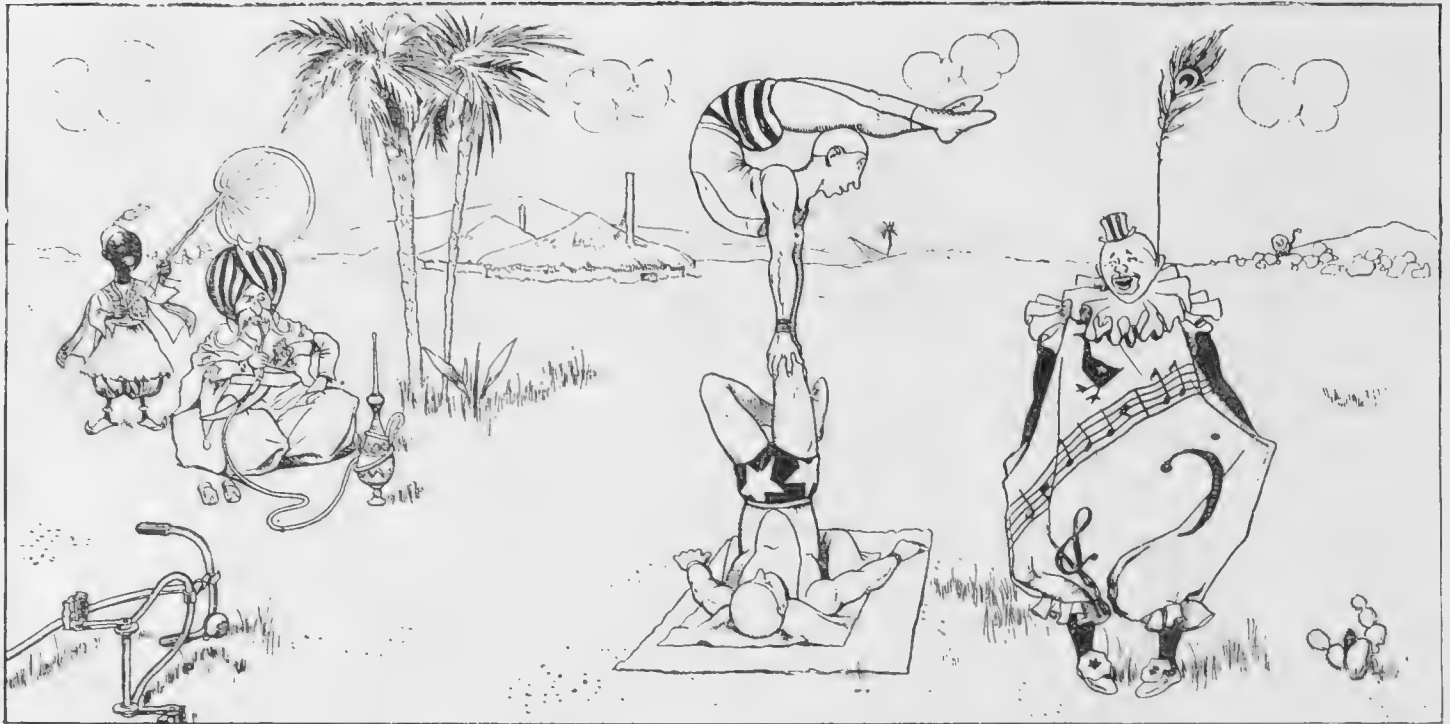
MRS. LANGTRY AS APHRODITE IN "A SOCIETY BUTTERFLY," AT THE OPÉRA COMIQUE,
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



MAGISTRATE (to witness for the defence, who has been called to prove an *alibi*): "You say that it is not possible that the prisoner could have committed this burglary. And why not?"

WITNESS: "Well, 'cos me and 'm was doin' a little job at the other end of London."





A FORECAST OF THE FUTURE.

PARSON: "Well, Hodge, I didn't see you at the Parish Council last night."

HODGE: "No; as long as there is the 'Ouse of Commons, I ain't thinking of Parish Councils."

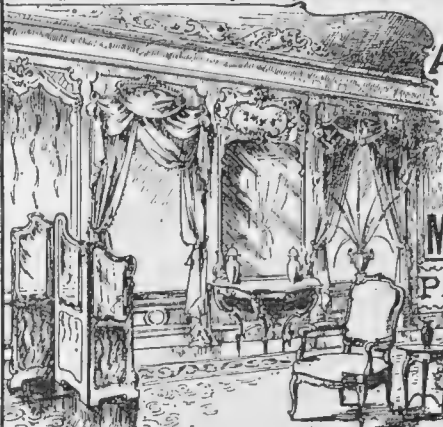


ONE WAY OF SPENDING SUNDAY AFTERNOON—IN THE PARK.

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BROKE IN TWO IN THE MIDDLE.

I, the writer, was riding in a railway coach one day in the autumn of 1886. The train was speeding swiftly and smoothly on its journey. Suddenly three of the carriages left the rails, mine being one of them. We all rolled down a low embankment together. Nobody was killed, but several were more or less seriously hurt. On my left leg there is a long and broad scar that I shall carry to my grave—the result of a wound received on that occasion. The cause of the accident was this: the front axle of the first of the three coaches broke *squarely in two in the middle—an absolutely new piece of iron*, the coach being then on its fourth trip.

"Nothing remarkable about that?" do you say? There is a lesson in it, my friend; a lesson in it, which even a well-informed fellow like you can afford to make a note of. I'll tell you what it is in a minute. Perhaps you can guess it right off the reel. Anyhow, you will be willing to read Mr. Marsden's evidence as to a similar mishap.

"In the autumn of 1892," he says, "I found that something was wrong with me. I felt drowsy, heavy, and tired—which was a new thing in my experience. The whites of my eyes turned yellow, and my skin was dark and sallow. There was a nasty copperish taste in my mouth,

particularly in the morning, and I spat up a great deal of phlegm—thick slimy stuff it was. I had no proper relish for my meals, and often enough I could not even taste of any of my favourite dishes.

"This was bad, but worse was coming. One day in the early part of January 1893, whilst at dinner, a *dreadful pain took me in the right side*. For some minutes I couldn't move on account of it. I was in agony. The sharpness of the attack abated presently, but it left its mark on me. After that I had difficulty in getting about, and although I struggled on with my work it was a great punishment to me, as I was in constant pain. In fact, it was a trouble to get in and out of bed.

"As time went on the pain in my side increased. Every breath I drew pained me, and I had to sit doubled up; I couldn't straighten myself out. For nearly a year I was in this condition, and for months I was under medical treatment. The doctor said there was a stoppage in the bowels, but his medicine did nothing to ease me.

"In August 1893 I heard from Mr. B. Bell, the Grocer, Brompton, of the good Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had done in a case something like mine. I sent for it and began taking it; and in the short space of fourteen days I found great relief. This encouraged me to keep on with the Syrup, and I did so. The result

was that the pain left me by degrees until it was all gone, and I had no feeling of illness at all. I am now well and strong as ever I was. I am perfectly willing you should publish what I have said if you think it is worth the trouble and expense.—Yours truly, (Signed) Thomas Marsden, 2, Hodgson Terrace, Brompton, North-allerton. October 26, 1893."

We do decidedly think it worth the trouble and expense, and we'll tell you why. Hark back to what was said about the railway accident. Very well. Now, when they came to examine that new axle they found a bad flaw right in the centre of it—not visible on the outside. It was fatally defective from the day it was made, yet nobody could know it. When it broke, it broke suddenly and without warning, of course. It was God's mercy a dozen people were not killed by it.

Well, our friend Mr. Marsden had always been a healthy man—*so he thought*. He broke down suddenly. Why? Because of the deadly poisons in his blood engendered by latent and slow-acting indigestion and dyspepsia. Slowly but surely the poison spread until it reached the vital spots. Then he fell as the railway-coach did—from a hidden flaw. Happily for him, Mother Seigel's Syrup was able to cure (to repair) him.

What, then, is that *lesson* we promised you? It is this. Watch out for the early signs of weakness, and take the remedy *then*. Don't wait until you are down the bank. As for the coach axles, we shall have to trust to luck.

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A GALLOP ROUND THE GLOBE.

A CHAT WITH THE CHAMPION GLOBE-TROTTER.

It was only to be expected that, in an age when everything has a tendency to go faster and faster, globe-trotting, which twenty or thirty years ago took the place of the old, leisurely touring, should, in its turn, be superseded by what may fairly be termed globe-galloping. A few days ago I had a chat with the gentleman who at present is entitled to call himself the champion globe-galopper, in virtue of the fact of his having recently lowered the round-the-world record by no less than nine days.



Photo by Weatherly Brothers, Bolton.

MR. GEORGE GRIFFITH.

"I started out to do it," said Mr. George Griffith—who, by-the-way, is not as Welsh as his name, but one of the "long, lean men of Devon," of whom you read in "Westward Ho!"—"in consequence of a conversation that I had soon after Christmas with Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, of *Pearson's Weekly*, on the subject of fast ocean services and record-breaking. This soon brought us to Miss Nellie Bly, the young lady journalist who, up to less than three months ago, held the authenticated round-the-world record.

"This was a matter which intimately concerned '*P.W.*,' because as soon as Nellie Bly started on her eastward journey the *Cosmopolitan* sent another young lady, Miss Alice Bisland, by the westward route, to get back to New York before her if possible. Miss Bisland had the misfortune to miss a connection, and this lost her two days and the race. Her experiences were published simultaneously in the *Cosmopolitan* and '*P.W.*,' and it was reading them that gave me the idea of taking the record away from the American paper."

"The result of this conversation was that I set to right away to work out connections, and, after considerable poring over time-tables and sailing lists, I struck a series which, with good luck and good management, would take me round the world in 65½ days."

"And that, you say, is nine days lower than Miss Bly's time?"

"Yes; her time was 74 days and about 12 hours, but I claim to have done something more than merely lower her record by the 9½ days. She had a special train across America from San Francisco to New York. I undertook to get round in 65½ days travelling as an ordinary passenger, and I did it. If I had used special trains, I could have got round in 60."

"You didn't take the same route as she did, did you?"

"No; if anything, my mileage was rather longer than hers. She travelled from New York via Queenstown, London, Calais, Paris, Brindisi, Suez, Colombo, Hong-Kong, Yokohama, San Francisco, and New York. My route was London to London via Calais, Paris, Rome, Naples, Suez, Colombo, Hong-Kong, Yokohama, Vancouver, Montreal, New York, and Southampton. The distance comes out at 23,950 statute miles, or between three and four hundred longer than Nellie Bly's."

"Was there any special feature about your series of connections that gives you an advantage over possible future rivals?"

"Yes; there are two. In the first place, as services are running now, I struck about the fastest average running, and in the second place I made, on schedule time, the closest possible connection at Yokohama for Vancouver. You see, the Canadian Pacific boats only sail every three weeks, even in summer, and I was timed to get to Yokohama within 24 hours of the sailing of the Empress of China. It's not a very difficult matter to lose 20 hours in a journey of some 12,000 miles, and if I had missed the Empress the enterprise would have been at an end, for I must then have travelled via San Francisco, which would have lost me my connection at New York. On the other hand, I was bound to take the latest train from London that would connect with the Empress at Yokohama, by means of the North German Lloyd boats from Naples and Hong-Kong. Fogs, bad weather, tying up, or going aground in the Suez Canal—a fairly common occurrence—would have thrown the connections out of gear and made failure inevitable."

"Then I may take it that, on the whole, you found the Fates propitious?"

"Yes; they were very good to me all the way round, though they might have been kinder in just one instance. I happened to catch the Trave at New York, and she is the slowest of the Lloyd Atlantic Liners; if it had been the Havel's turn, I should have reduced my time by another day. For the rest, I was so far ahead of time right away from London to New York that I actually spent no less than eight days in all on shore waiting for my connections. Thus, as a matter of fact, my actual travelling time was only 57 days and a few hours."

"And that, I suppose, is about the fastest time possible?"

"Yes; I believe it is going to stand for some years, at any rate, granted, of course, the same conditions. I was interviewed by a lot of newspaper men in New York, and through them I challenged American journalism to get back the record without using special trains or steamers. If the challenge is taken up successfully, I will find a means of lowering whatever record is established; but I don't propose to start out on such a journey again under any less provocation than that. Globe-galloping against time is not by any means all 'beer and skittles.'"

L. B.

"Yes, with present services. But that is only theoretically possible, for it means, of course, going straight from train to steamer and steamer to train, without hitch or delay, and without special arrangements, which were barred in my case—that is impossible."

"But I think the Canadian Pacific Company advertise that, by continuous travelling on their system and the P. & O., the world can be circled in less than 60 days?"

"The C.P.R. people," said Mr. Griffith, with a sceptical smile, "also advertise that their boats across the Pacific steam 19 knots an hour, and that they can bring Yokohama within 21 days of London. As a matter of fact, the boats steam from 15 to 16 knots, and my time from Yokohama to London was 26½ days. They once rushed the mails through in 21 days by special arrangements, but they have not done it since, and are not likely to do it again. If the Empress had run 19, or even 18 knots, and the time from Vancouver to Montreal had been five days instead of six, as it should have been in the summer schedule, I should have just caught the Lucania in New York, and saved over four days. Even as it was I only missed her by a day, for she was detained 24 hours by fog inside Sandy Hook, and left on the Sunday instead of the Saturday. I got to New York on the Monday evening—that is to say, 24 hours ahead of schedule time, and this is where my one stroke of bad luck came in. There were no fast steamers sailing till Wednesday. The Trave is a very comfortable boat, but she is too slow for Atlantic work, and the Lloyd course runs too far south. As it happened, if I had waited for the New York, which sailed 24 hours later, I should have got to London about two hours sooner."

"Then why not have waited?"

"In the first place, it would have been little short of lunacy not to have taken advantage of the brilliantly fine weather we had in New York on the Tuesday morning, following so close on the fogs that stopped all the boats of the previous Saturday. At that time of year—May 8—it was just as likely as not that the New York might have been held up by fog for a tide or two, and this would have put me over my time. Then, again, I wanted to make the round entirely under the British and German flags, and, lastly, getting out on the Tuesday morning made success as nearly as possible certain. I may also say that I took my passage on the Trave under the impression that she was an 18-knot boat. I found her average speed to be about 16. There is almost as much lying about the speed of steamboats as there is about the circulation of daily newspapers."

"And, after all, how did you stand for time when you got back?"

"I left Charing Cross at 11 a.m. on March 12; therefore, to get round the world in 65½ days, I was due back at Charing Cross at 11 p.m. on May 16. I got there at 10.20 p.m., and so tied the knot, with 40 minutes to spare. On schedule time, my longest wait anywhere was 24 hours at Yokohama, and my shortest 10 minutes at Montreal. I really had about 70 hours in Japan, and I made my connection at Montreal 24 hours ahead."

"But didn't you also gain a day going from east to west?"

"That is a question that I would rather leave to people of a more mathematical turn of mind than I am. The facts, however, are rather curious. In the first place, I only saw 63 suns rise and set. This, not counting the sun of March 12, makes the time of my absence from London 64 days 11 hours and 20 minutes. Then, again, travelling constantly to the eastward, our days only averaged 23½ hours. Now, I put my watch on day by day, more than 33 hours in all. I got 23 hours and 20 minutes back on Antipodes day, the day we crossed the 180th meridian of E. longitude. I should like to know what has happened to the other 9 hours and 55 minutes. If I ever found myself in the position of the late lamented Mr. Neil Cream, I might be glad of them."

"And now I should like to know, in conclusion, how this 24,000-mile rush in 57 days affected you personally?"

"I am publishing my experiences in detail in a series of articles in *Pearson's Weekly*. You will see from them that the first 10,000 miles or so of the run was a most enjoyable pleasure trip. In spite of living in a sort of oceanic Turkish bath for about 25 days, I put on seven pounds in weight by the time I got to Hong-Kong. There I got a touch of fever, which very nearly made me miss my connection and spoil the whole business. Then we ran up into the cold weather, and 12 days after leaving a climate that made clothes a burden I was in a snowstorm in the North Pacific. Then I rode across the Rocky Mountains on the engine of the train, and caught such a cold that, even after I had carried it and nursed it to New York, I could almost have blown a man's brains out with a single sneeze. But what affected me most was the loss of sleep. Between Yokohama and London I don't think I ever slept more than three hours at a time, and several nights not even that. I suppose it was the constant motion and everlasting anxiety about the next connection working on my nerves. At any rate, when I got back to Charing Cross I had lost the seven pounds I had gained and six more to boot."

"And do you expect this record of yours to stand for any length of time?"

"Yes; I believe it is going to stand for some years, at any rate, granted, of course, the same conditions. I was interviewed by a lot of newspaper men in New York, and through them I challenged American journalism to get back the record without using special trains or steamers. If the challenge is taken up successfully, I will find a means of lowering whatever record is established; but I don't propose to start out on such a journey again under any less provocation than that. Globe-galloping against time is not by any means all 'beer and skittles.'"

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

GOLF.

I am feeling golffy all over this week. It so happened that a braw laddie from the far North fell upon me in Fleet Street just before the Open Championship, and greeting me with "Eh, mon, wha wad h' thoicht o' findin' you here! It's like lookin' for a needle 'mang a stack o' hay to ferret out a frien' in Lunnon," he carried me off, willy-nilly, to Sandwich.



TOM MORRIS.

Douglas Rolland—two Scotch laddies—bring off their long-looked-for match for £100. Both are in the front rank. Park has been longer before the public, but Rolland has been more heard of lately. It was a grand match, quite worthy of the reputations of both men. As everyone knows, Rolland won by three holes up and two to play. As was anticipated, Rolland was the better driver, while Park's approach shots were his strong point. Both men have a beautiful style of play, but why, oh! why, don't professional golfers adopt a more picturesque garb?



J. BALL, AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION.

These beautiful links on the Channel were the Mecca of all golfers last week. With the Scottish tongue clanging on every side, it was difficult to imagine that one was not at St. Andrews, or, indeed, anywhere rather than one of the most southern golf links in England. All good golfers should see Sandwich at least once before they die. Most of the Scotchmen grudgingly admitted that it was nearly as good as St. Andrews or Prestwick. In my opinion, Sandwich is quite the equal of either of those most famous links, but they have not been made quite the most of yet. In one or two instances you can recover a bad drive without penalty, which is not as it should be in "gowf."

I arrived at Sandwich on the Saturday in time to see W. Park and Douglas Rolland—two Scotch laddies—bring off their long-looked-for match for £100. Both are in the front rank. Park has been longer before the public, but Rolland has been more heard of lately. It was a grand match, quite worthy of the reputations of both men. As everyone knows, Rolland won by three holes up and two to play. As was anticipated, Rolland was the better driver, while Park's approach shots were his strong point. Both men have a beautiful style of play, but why, oh! why, don't professional golfers adopt a more picturesque garb?

One would think Rolland had collected his garments from different sources—cap of one colour, coat of another, and trousers of still another, and none in harmony. He looked like one of his old trade, a stonemason, and not a golfer. Park was much more neatly dressed, but he could hardly have been mistaken for anything but a baker, which he is not. So far as I know, there is no law against professionals wearing knickers. They are as economical, and far better adapted for tramping over the links.

Then we had the Open Championship, and it fell to the right man, J. H. Taylor, of Winchester. Fancy an Englishman winning the golf championship from all the cracks of Scotland! I say it fell to the proper man,

because Taylor has been showing extraordinary form for some months, and was it not he who beat the redoubtable match-player, Douglas Rolland, a few weeks ago? His score of 326 for the 72 holes was a fine record. Rolland came second with 331, and Andrew Kirkaldy third, one stroke behind. For once in a way, the amateurs were quite out of it.

Mr. H. H. Hilton, who broke down in the Open, came to the front in the St. George's Vase Competition. He has now won it twice in

succession. His total for the 36 holes was 167—a good performance, considering the wretched weather. Mr. A. D. Blyth and Mr. F. G. Tait tied for second place. Mr. John Ball (Amateur Champion) was out of luck in both competitions.

ROWING.

Henley promises to provide some good sport this season. The presence of the two Canadian oarsmen will add zest to the proceedings, especially to the struggle for the Goblets and the Diamonds, in which they will be opposed by Guy and Vivian Nickalls. Guy is said to be in exceptional form this year, and, if that be the case, Ryan of Canada will have his work cut out for him in the Diamonds. I hear good accounts of the Thames Eight for the Grand, although I think there are too many veterans in it.

CRICKET.

Although the Surrey team had practically the same which made such an indifferent show in the county championship last season, they now appear very difficult to beat, and are strong favourites for regaining their old position as county champions. One of the best things they have done was to defeat Yorkshire at Sheffield by 88 runs. The figures are nothing in themselves, but, when one considers the state of the wicket, the marvel is that either side should get many more runs than that.

Surrey were, perhaps, a little lucky in going in first, and they made so good use of their opportunity that they knocked up 143. Although eight Yorkshire wickets were down for 36, they managed to save the follow-on by one run. This availed them little, except the ignominy of a one-innings defeat. Surrey replied with 88, and Yorkshire were all



ST. GEORGE'S GOLF CLUB HOUSE, SANDWICH.

out a second time for 79. It is worthy of note that Yorkshire scored exactly the same number of runs in their double innings that Surrey knocked up in their first. Of course, it was a bowler's wicket, and one man on each side had a rare benefit.

Even these figures, however, paled before the performance of J. T. Hearne, when he secured twelve wickets for 53. Chiefly to his exceptional bowling is due the victory of Middlesex over Notts by five wickets. One must not, however, omit a word of praise to Jimmy Douglas, the young Cambridge Blue, who scored 36 (not out) in a total of 74 from the bat.

CYCLING.

In the Championship Meeting of the N.C.U., held at Birmingham, C. J. Petersen, of Copenhagen, won the mile by 8 yards in 3 min. dead. Last year the blue riband of the wheel was secured by W. G. Sanger, the American, and not since 1888 has the mile event been held by either an Englishman or a Welshman. The five-mile event fell to J. Green, a well-known Northumberland rider, and by this result A. J. Watson, the London Polytechnic man, is now dispossessed of the championship. Green covered the distance in 11 min. 40 sec. In the Mile Professional, A. W. Harris rode home first in 2 min. 51 4-5 sec., but Schofield hunted him to the tape all the way, and the Leicester lad only obtained the verdict by a foot. The team race between England and Ireland resulted in a victory for the home cyclists by eight points to twelve. A young Dutch rider named Jaaf Eden showed remarkable powers in this Championship Meeting, but, unfortunately, the N.C.U. disqualified him, that body not being satisfied with his amateur credentials.

ATHLETICS.


We have received a copy of Sergeant-Major S. G. Noakes's book on gymnastics (Dean and Son, 160A, Fleet Street, E.C.), and, as the author is chief instructor in that capacity to the Army, it will be readily accepted as a handbook of first-rate importance. The book is illustrated by a number of useful diagrams, and a portrait of the author in gymnastic costume graces the opening page.

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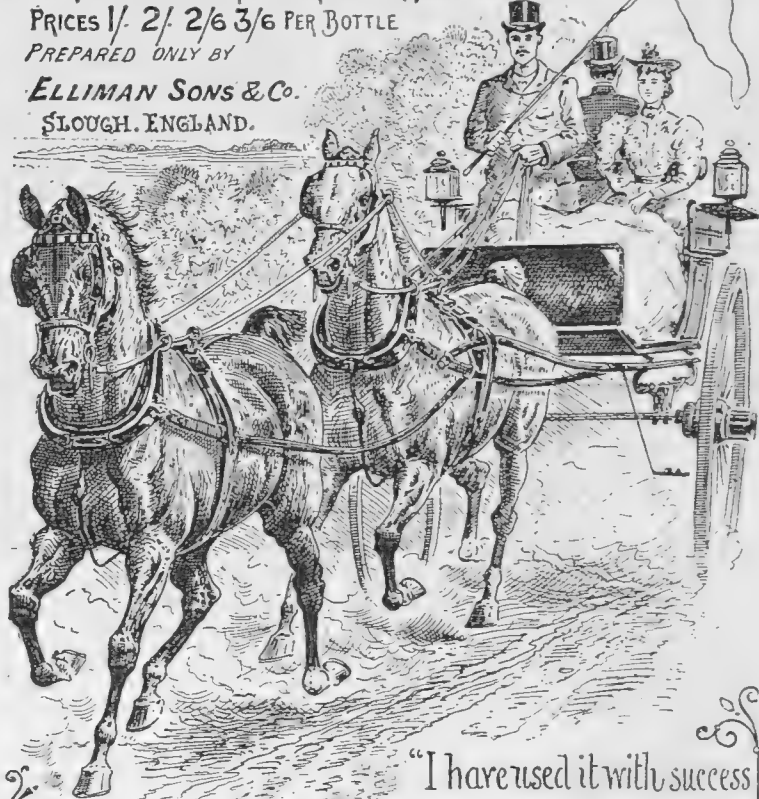
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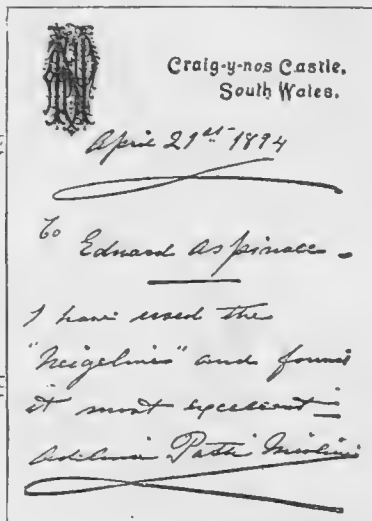
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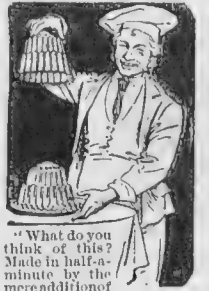
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MISS CELIA CARRUTHERS, *an orphan with property.*

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MISS CELIA CARRUTHERS (*irritably*). Ugh! How musty, fusty, and empty the house looks, coming back to it alone!

MACKINTOSH (*to herself*). Alone! I wonder who Miss Celia wanted to come back with?

MISS CELIA (*yawning*). Mackintosh, how long were we in the South?

MACKINTOSH. Well, Miss, what with waiting to say good-bye to Mr. Scarbrow at Folkestone—

MISS CELIA (*indignantly*). What do you mean?

MACKINTOSH. I mean, of course, what with waiting for a day fine enough to cross—which come it never appeared it would—it was the 3rd of February as we started, which is precisely three months ago.

MISS CELIA. Three months! it seems like three years! (*Picks up a newspaper, looks at the date, throws it down, glances out of the window.*) Mackintosh, hasn't anyone called since we've come back?

MACKINTOSH. No one, Miss.

MISS CELIA. It's odd that no one should have called. (*To herself.*) When I particularly said I should be back the first week in May, too! But I suppose he's forgotten that and—everything else since he put me on the boat with those ridiculous bouquets of flowers. (*With assumed indifference.*) Did you say no one had called?

MACKINTOSH. Lor' bless you, Miss, how could anyone call, and why should anyone call, when they think you away in foreign parts?

MISS CELIA. Well, what am I to do? (*Smiling.*) Advertise in the newspapers to say I'm back?

MACKINTOSH (*with a superior air*). You've got to send out cards.

MISS CELIA. For a dance? You see, at a party one has so little time to speak to—to anyone. You have to ask a crowd of people you don't care a bit about because "they go everywhere," and leave out the people you do because they won't go anywhere at all. The bores come, and the people for whom the party is given stay away. (*To herself.*) He would, I know; he hates balls.

MACKINTOSH. Well, why not have a day? You've nothing to do but write "First Sunday" on your visiting cards.

MISS CELIA (*seating herself at her desk and listlessly taking the cards and an address-book from the maid's hand*). A first Sunday, do you think?

MACKINTOSH (*with decision*). Certainly a first, Miss. A second and a third ain't recollectable—it's no use pretending they are—and a last Sunday do sound that dreary it reminds one of one's latter end.

MISS CELIA (*to herself—nibbling the end of her pen*). It would be only civil to send him a card, at least. (*Opening the address-book at S hurriedly.*) "Scarbrow, Arthur, Esq., The Albany." I know he said he was going to change his rooms: I wonder if I've got the right number?

MACKINTOSH (*severely*). There's everybody in alphabetical order in the address-book, Miss; you must begin at the A's.

MISS CELIA (*blushing*). The A's? Oh! of course, of course—the A's (*turning to the A's and reading*), Abbot, Abercromby, Adams, Allen, Anderson, Angel, Surgeon-Major—(*abstractedly*) I don't remember any Angel, Surgeon-Major. (*Surprisingly turning to the S's.*) Did he say it was B 3 or C 3, The Albany?

MACKINTOSH. I've got Angel, Miss. Now the B's.

MISS CELIA (*wearily*). Bacon, Bagshot, Baily, Barker—

MACKINTOSH. There! Who could look nicer in a drawing-room than Miss Bagshot? And there's Mrs. Dunstibourne-Barker, she's that voluble of an afternoon—

MISS CELIA (*to herself*). Why should flats in the Albany have a letter of the alphabet as well as a number? It's so dreadfully confusing. B 3, C 3—is it because they are old? Did they always—always, I wonder, B C? No; I suppose they are not as old as all that!

MACKINTOSH (*without noticing the interruption*). Court, Cooper, Cox, Dickenson—Captain Dickenson! There's a nice young gentleman, and so handy, as has been remarked, at tea-time. We'll send him a card.

MISS CELIA. What! that great gawk—all moustache and eyeglass—who made me get into the wrong carriage coming back from Great Marlow in the summer, when Ar—

MACKINTOSH (*resolutely*). You must send to him, Miss. He's been known to the family this fifteen years and more.

MISS CELIA. You don't understand these things, Mackintosh. Captain Dickenson is not popular with men. (*To herself.*) Arthur hates him, I know, and I don't wonder, considering.

MACKINTOSH (*writing*). I'm sending to him, and to Mr. Douglas too.

MISS CELIA. If you do, Mr. Douglas will bring a rope-dancer or a cook with him. He married some such person last August.

MACKINTOSH (*not to be daunted*). At any rate, there's that distinguished-looking gentleman that looks like an ambassador, Mr. Drummond. (*Looking in the address-book.*) Yes, Mr. Augustus Frederick Loftus Drummond.

MISS CELIA (*testily*). Mr. Augustus Frederick Loftus Drummond is divorced. (*To herself.*) I believe it was F 3, after all!

MACKINTOSH. Dear-a-dear! such a commanding-looking gentleman to be taken to the Divorce Court! But we've only got to the D's yet. The rest may be entirely proper and right-minded, for all we know. Nobody could be properer than old Lady Edmonds, now.

MISS CELIA (*doubtfully*). Her morals are all right, poor, dear, old lady, but her memory! (*Sighs.*) She invariably calls me Carlowitz instead of Carruthers, comes a week before she's asked, and at half-past two, when I'm not dressed.

MACKINTOSH. There's Mrs. Edmundson, then; she comes punctual to the day and hour.

MISS CELIA. Yes, and brings three giraffes of daughters with her who are all boots and monosyllables.

MACKINTOSH (*continuing to write*). Mrs. Ellison's next. She's an old friend of your mamma's, and holds particular by your asking her.

MISS CELIA (*depressed*). I suppose she does, for she stops two hours, and every time she comes tells me how really tasteful the drawing-room was in the old days before I did it up in pink-and-white.

MACKINTOSH (*cheerfully*). Anyhow, there are the Miss Frasers. Miss Mabel has a power of visiting conversation—

MISS CELIA (*to herself*). And talks Arthur's head off whenever she meets him in the most shameless way. It was she who got him away that night at Great Marlow, I know for certain. (*Aloud.*) Mackintosh, do you suppose Mr. Scarbrow is in London?

MACKINTOSH. We haven't got to the S's yet, and we're not getting through the cards.

MISS CELIA. I'm sick of them—sick of them—sick of them!

[*Jumps up, goes to the window, and again looks up and down the street.*]

MACKINTOSH (*steadily writing*). Foggerty; he's the little gentleman as used to send the verses and Japanese lilies so regular from Cookham.

MISS CELIA (*despairingly*). Lots of people send lilies from Cookham—I mean flowers, and that sort of thing (*thinks sentimentally of the Boulogne packet*), and they forget your existence the next minute. (*With rising wrath.*) If Arthur had chosen to call, which would have been a mere piece of common civility, I should have been saved all this business, these cards, and tiresome people.

MACKINTOSH (*continuing to write*). I've sent to Mrs. Markham Frost, Miss, and, of course, to your Aunt Fryer.

MISS CELIA (*turning to MACKINTOSH desperately*). Mrs. Markham Frost and Aunt Fryer! Mrs. Frost, who makes a point of asking me if I'm not engaged to Mr. Scarbrow, because she once saw me dance three valse with him, and he forgot to take her brown-paper niece down to supper, and Aunt Fryer (*breathless with anger*), who calls at least once a fortnight to wonder why I'm not married, and to remind me that she was the mother of three before she was my age! (*To herself.*) Two whole days back in London, and he hasn't called! Why couldn't he have called? (*Aloud.*) Should you think Mr. Arthur Scarbrow— (*Raising her voice.*) Will you leave off scribbling those abominable things, Mackintosh, and tell me if you think Mr. — Oh! (*Springs back from the window as a hansom dashes up to the door.*) *To herself.* He's come! And without a card at all!

MACKINTOSH. Why, Miss Celia, if that isn't the young gentleman getting out at this very door that we've been talking about all the morning!

MISS CELIA. What do you mean? (*Blushing furiously.*) I don't believe I've mentioned Mr. Scarbrow's name once. (*Agitatedly.*) But be quick! He's to be shown in here, and put away those odious cards. Bundle them away, tear them up, throw them out of the window—I mean, throw them in the fire!

MACKINTOSH (*amazed*). Throw them out of window—throw them on the fire? Burn 'em, after all our trouble?

MISS CELIA (*flurried*). I—I—I don't want them. I've changed my mind. It's possible I may not send them. (*Seizes the cards, and throws them on the fire, which blazes up as the door opens and Mr. Arthur Scarbrow is announced.*)

MACKINTOSH (*to herself*). We've got to the S's now, and no mistake, though there is to be "No Cards."

[*Glances at the young couple significantly as she gently closes the door.*]

MARION HEPPWORTH DIXON.

A FAIRY STORY.*

Mr. Ford Hueffer is unequal. At times he makes us feel that here is one with a true knowledge of Fairyland, such as Hans Andersen or the Brothers Grimm had; but at others he falls very far short of them, and his efforts to be amusing are too apparent. The character of his somewhat vagrant queen, who, through a talkative bat, learns to fly, and so arrives at views of life and the world not given to many of us, is excellent. There is a certain happy-go-luckiness about her proceedings that savours of the famous Alice, and carries the reader along, even though it be protesting. Occasionally the talk is a little tall, as, for instance, the remarks about "constitutionality," which are surely over the heads of the readers for whom the book is intended; but, though the story has its shortcomings, it has compensations for them. The description of the queen's stay with the wild geese, and of how she cut a pipe and "played on it in tune with the gurgle of the river," to the different water-birds and frogs who assembled to hear her is delightful. The love-making with the ploughman is, perhaps, necessary to the rounding off of the plot, but it is inartistic, and rather out of character with the rest of the story; however, the ploughman also brings his compensation in the shape of a little song that almost reconciles us to his introduction. Mr. Hueffer has a genuine fairy-tale vein and humour, as the quaint conceit of the bat hanging inside the crown proves, and for this reason he should be careful not to force his incidents, but to let them occur in the casual manner which shows him at his best. But, even apart from the story, the book is worth buying for the frontispiece of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, which is beautiful. The border design of flying geese becomes wearisome to the eye, and, moreover, it is not particularly well drawn.

* "The Queen Who Flew." By Ford Hueffer. London: Bliss, Sands, and Foster.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

What has become of the session? How is the Government going to pass its Bills? How long is obstruction to have its way in the House of Commons? These are the questions on every lip, and no answer can be found to them. We have, at length, reached Clause 6 of the Budget, one of the most complicated of the long series of clauses which deal with the death duties. There are fourteen to come, including that which settles the scale of graduations. Judging by the resistance to its predecessors, this will take a fortnight at least. Practically, there is no end to the amendments which can be proposed to it. Clause 6 settles the great question of the method of valuing landed property, in order to arrive at what the Bill calls its "principal value." The Tories tell us that this must occupy a week at the very least. All this means that we cannot hope to get through the Budget till the beginning of August, even if we devote to it every day between this and the dog-days. What does this mean? Clearly, that every other Government Bill is already dead. Evicted Tenants, Registration, Conciliation, Factories, Equalisation of Rates—"all, all are gone, the old familiar faces." The extraordinary feature of the whole business is that the Leader of the House takes no apparent account of these facts. Either Sir William Harcourt is aware of them or he is not. If not, he is a less astute politician than he is usually supposed to be. If he is, then the present inaction is inexplicable save on the theory that Sir William has no interest in anything save his Budget. In any case, the Government is rather in the position of a rudderless ship, at the mercy of tossing waves and heedless winds.

THE INTERIOR TROUBLES.

The truth is, no doubt, that Sir William Harcourt is a disappointed man, and does not hope to remain much longer in public life. The signs of this have been given most unmistakably in the news that young Mr. Harcourt, "Lulu," as he is affectionately called, is going to retire from politics and go in for commerce. Mr. Harcourt is in many respects his father's *alter ego*. Shrewd, tactful, clever, devoted to Sir William, Mr. Harcourt has been one of the most interesting, and he promised to be one of the most powerful, figures in the background of Liberal politics. He has always accompanied his father on oratorical tours, preceasing him on the platform to make sure that everything is in order for Sir William, who is very particular even as to the special reading-desk and lamp which he prefers to use. The fact that he has decided to relinquish the sphere in which he promised to do great things speaks volumes for his father's intentions. Sir William is no longer a young man. He has had grave trouble with his eyes, which at one time threatened a more serious catastrophe than is now, happily, probable. And his political career is practically closed. He cannot hope to be Prime Minister; he is not satisfied to be Leader of the House of Commons. But he would like that his name should go down to posterity as the author of what must unquestionably be called the first Democratic Budget. To this end he devotes all the powers of his really remarkable intelligence. His conduct of the Budget Bill is, undoubtedly, an intellectual feat of a very high order. Finance is comparatively a new subject to him, but he unquestionably shows a greater mastery both of the principles and of the details of his subject than any other member of the House. He has given even the astute and expert Mr. Goschen some heavy falls in argument, and he possesses a greater debating power than any of the acute lawyers who have done their best to "take a rise" out of him. But with the Budget his interest ceases. He does not seem to care to take even the most ordinary and moderate steps to curtail the license of debate. Sir William has not the rare power of silence under the tantalising pettiness of men like Mr. Bartley, who gets bolder and bolder in drawing the Leader of the House in much the same fashion as did the young lions of the Tory party twenty years ago trouble Mr. Gladstone. If Sir William is out of the House for five minutes, his absence is the theme of comment, most unjustly, considering the arduous task he has in hand. The result is that the discussion descends to the most obvious and futile kind of obstruction, maintained by minds of the most inferior calibre. Hence the "no leadership" of which the party so bitterly complains.

THE ROSEBERY PREMIERSHIP.

Behind these troubles lies the difficulty of the Rosebery Premiership. It cannot fairly be said that up to the present it has been a success. In the old days Lord Rosebery used to surprise the world, which knew so little of this shy, retired, rather mysterious man, by the felicitous thoughts and even remarkable phrases which lighted up his rare appearances on public platforms. But since Lord Rosebery has been under the obligation to speak constantly and freely, the literary skill and the thoughtful and serious aspect of his speeches have largely disappeared. The Premier's recent deliverances have been commonplace, uncertain in tone, amateurish in thought and construction. The result has been a certain disillusionment as to Lord Rosebery's capacity for the higher kind of statesmanship. He has been contrasted with his great predecessor, not to his advantage. One hopes that the trouble will pass away. Lord Rosebery is very clever, and those who know him well believe in the considerable reserve of strength that his character possesses. But he will have to improve greatly on his recent performances. He will have to be more serious, more consistent, more Radical, better instructed, better informed, otherwise there will be trouble, both in the near and the distant future.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

It was perfectly certain that, after Lord Rosebery had been attacked as the Horse-Racing Premier, Mr. Balfour would also be assailed by someone for his patronage of golf. Mr. Balfour won the Parliamentary Golf Handicap this year, and on Wednesday afternoon Colonel Nolan took the opportunity, in a discussion in Supply on the scantiness of rifle ranges and the difficulty of finding sites for them, to regret that the Leader of the Opposition had given such an advertisement to golf that the commons and open spaces of England were being entirely given up to it. Other points of equal and, perhaps, greater interest were also raised on the Army Estimates that day. There is the question of the results which have followed from the abolition of the C.D. Acts in India. It is not a nice subject, but it is a terrible one. Mr. Jeffreys, member for the Basingstoke Division of Hants, quoted from a return showing that in Bengal the number of soldiers admitted to hospital for the worst form of disease has risen since 1880 from 21 to 55 in the 1000, in Madras from 25 to 74, and in Bombay from 22 to 50. The figures for our troops in China, South Africa, and the West Indies are just as bad. This is simply awful, and it is amazing that the Exeter Hall fanatics should be able to prevent anything being done to check it. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman argued that the C.D. Acts were shown at the time of their abolition to be of no practical effect; but he was compelled to admit that since their abolition the disease had increased enormously. Sir George Chesney and General Goldsworthy backed up Mr. Jeffreys, and Mr. J. H. Wilson, who, however, knows more about Cardiff sailors than Indian soldiers, opposed him. Mr. Wilson remarked that he was not in the least ashamed of being called a fanatic! It must be granted that harder words have been used occasionally of Mr. J. H. Wilson.

MORE VACANCIES.

Lord Coleridge's death, on Thursday, caused many reminiscences of him to be called up in the House. He was, of course, a Gladstonian, and always a Liberal. But he was never one of the great House of Commons lawyers. He was too philosophical to be a valuable party man. As Cockburn said of him, his speeches wanted "grit and iron." They were always eloquent, but eloquence is not always effective in debate, nor is his name associated with any great House of Commons occasions. His death causes some shiftings in the House. His eldest son, Mr. Bernard Coleridge, is compulsorily moved to the House of Lords. As to the further popularly assigned appointments, I can only say that Sir John Rigby's elevation from the House of Commons would be highly appropriate. Sir John has only been in the House since the beginning of this Parliament, and he has not been a great success, excellent lawyer and popular though he is. Mr. Reid's promotion would be rapid, but deserved. He has only been Solicitor for a month or two, and has not even had time yet to be knighted; but he has been working very hard indeed on the Budget, sharing the toil with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he has given great satisfaction to the House, both in this and in his support to the Children's Bill against the opposition of Mr. Hopwood. "Bob" Reid is popular with everyone in the House: there is not a particle of humbug about him, and if he is not a born Home Ruler, we have none the less respect for him on that account. As to the Solicitor-Generalship, it must have struck the Liberal party and Mr. Lockwood with some sharpness that such a dead set should, from the first, be made in favour of Mr. Haldane, who is only thirty-eight, and is junior to Mr. Lockwood both in the House and at the Bar. But Mr. Haldane is one of the "Fifeshire gang"; he is Lord Rosebery's philosopher, and the House has come to understand that on a purely legal or constitutional point there is no readier man to turn to on the Liberal side. In Mr. Lockwood's favour are his much greater personal popularity, both in the House and out of it, and his general prior claim on the party. It so happens, curiously enough, that both Mr. Lockwood's and Mr. Haldane's seats are extremely shaky. Mr. Lockwood was actually beaten in 1892, though he sits as second member for York.

MOVING.

As to business—well, it does look like moving at last. The Radicals are getting so tired of the Budget that the utmost pressure is put upon the Cabinet to shorten its discussions. Sir William Harcourt, on the other hand, wants to put off the evil day when he must make a choice between the remaining items on the programme and alienate all the supporters of those Bills which are not chosen. But, meanwhile, Dr. Macgregor has indulged in a revolt, and things look like livening up when Sir William Harcourt promises Mr. Balfour a day for an Irish debate. That Congo agreement, too, provides rather a delicate piece of foreign policy for Lord Kimberley, and the Labouchérians and Tories alike will make it lively for the Government in certain contingencies. Besides, Clause 6 of the Budget Bill, the Valuation Clause, offered a subject which ordinary members could to a certain extent understand, without having to be awakened periodically by a little tiff between the Leader of the House and the Leader of the Opposition. Meanwhile, the Government majorities have been keeping high for so long—a sure sign of dulness—that it is quite time for a change. These changes always come when they are wanted in the House of Commons. That is part of its psychology. A fortnight may pass without a crisis now, but not longer. Members could not be kept at Westminster if things were as slow as that.

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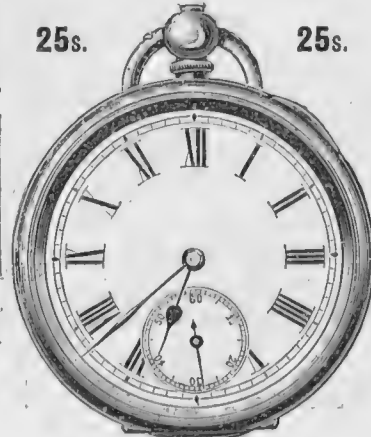
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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS AT ASCOT.

"Royal Ascot" is Dame Fashion's annual coronation festival, when her subjects assemble in their full strength and in all the glories of their state attire in order to do her honour, the result being a veritable feast of gowns, in which all that is newest and smartest and richest is concentrated in one grand culminating effect. This year is no exception to the general rule—in fact, as an exposition of the latest modes, it is more brilliantly successful than ever, for never have the fabrics been so lovely, both as regards texture and colouring, while the styles are, with hardly an exception, particularly pretty and becoming. It goes almost without saying, therefore, that you will all be interested in the sketches and descriptions which I have got for you of gowns worn at Ascot by well-known people, who are always noted for being first in the field with new

gowns emanated from the Maison Jay? I hardly think so, for there is something about them which proclaims the fact to anyone acquainted with their productions.

Passing on to Lady Gertrude Astley-Corbett's gown, it has a skirt of white silk striped with black, and bordered with a rouleau of black velvet surmounted by another of geranium-pink, the bodice, of accordion-pleated black chiffon, having a deep vandyked yoke of écaru lace, each point finished with a tiny frill of chiffon. The waistband consists of two lengths of ribbon, one of geranium-pink velvet and the other of black satin, arranged in a large bow at the back of the yoke, and brought round to the front and crossed round the waist, being, finally, tied at the back, the long ends falling to the bottom of the skirt. The sleeves, of the striped silk, are finished at the wrist by a fold of the pink velvet and a drooping frill of black chiffon, the pink velvet collar, with its dainty bow of chiffon, being fastened with a diamond buckle. This



LADY FLORENCE ASTLEY.

LADY MAUD RAMSDEN.

LADY GERTRUDE ASTLEY-CORBETT.

fashions, and between them all you should get a very good idea of the styles which will prevail during the next two or three months, at least, for it is not safe to tie down Dame Fashion's fancies for any longer period.

The Duchess of Westminster's gown is of English manufactured white silk, narrowly striped with black, the perfectly-hanging skirt being trimmed with sundry small straps of the silk, fastened at each side with steel buttons, two straps being placed in the front and the number increasing to six towards the centre of the back. The bodice, which is made with short, slightly-full basques, has a full vest of white tulle, and is ornamented with exquisite yellowish old lace, the straps being repeated on the cuffs, which are also finished with black satin bows, the collar bow, which is also of the satin, having a great outstanding bow of white tulle at the throat—altogether an eminently smart gown. The dress for the Hon. Mrs. Hamar Bass has a skirt of cream ribbed cloth, bordered by a deep band of handsome butter-coloured guipure. There is a little zouave bodice adorned with gold filigree buttons studded with tiny rubies, and over the shoulders falls a frill of black moiré over another of cerise moiré, the yoke and collar being of white satin exquisitely embroidered with jet and gold, and with a floral design in pale shades of mauve, blue, and pink silk. There is a vest of white satin embroidered down the sides, and softened by frills of black chiffon, a great bow of black moiré, with ends reaching far down the skirt, being placed at the left side of the zouave with exceedingly good effect.

Lady Florence Astley has a handsome costume of black satin, the skirt quite plain, and the bodice composed of white chiffon and beautiful old Italian point appliqué, a paste buckle holding in the fulness of the chiffon vest, and cascade frills of chiffon being let in at the sides of the puffed sleeves. I wonder if it is necessary to tell you that these three

lovely costume is completed by a tiny gold toque trimmed with white wings and knots of pink velvet and black-and-white striped ribbon.

Lady Maud Ramsden wears a Louis coat of the palest yellow chiné silk, patterned in a quaint design, with fine black lines and tiny sprays of pink flowers, large diamond buttons giving it a pretty finish, and the cravat, of butter-coloured lace, being also fastened with a diamond star. The underdress, of yellow satin, is cut *en Princesse*, and veiled with brown gauze, fastened at the waist with an antique clasp, composed of two miniatures, and Lady Ramsden wears a three-cornered hat to match.

Lady Florence Astley's gown is composed of a combination of apricot miroir silk and yellow accordion-pleated chiffon, the silk forming the skirt—which is edged with a roll of green velvet—and the chiffon the bodice, which is caught in at the yoke and the waist by a band of écaru lace, studded with sequins. The large puffed sleeves, which are in quite a new shape, are of apricot silk, the under-sleeves being of the sequin-trimmed lace, while round the waist there is a draped sash of green velvet, the long ends being finished with gold tassels. You will be interested to know that these lovely gowns were made by Madame Maud, of 40, High Street, Kensington, of whom I have told you before, and who, by-the-way, moves on Saturday to larger premises at 29, High Street.

As for pretty Mrs. George Alexander, she always dresses in the perfection of style, and her gowns are, therefore, eagerly looked out for by women, quite apart from the fact that, as the wife of one of our most universally popular actors, there is a special interest attached to her. She has three lovely gowns for Ascot, the one sketched being of turquoise-blue chiné moiré, with an exquisite faint design of soft yellow and pink roses, the leaves being of satin in a paler shade of blue, the effect being curiously beautiful, as they look like shimmering silver.

The skirt has side basques of lovely yellowish lace, short in the centre and long at each side, where they are caught into pointed tabs of black satin, fastened with three old silver and steel buttons. There is a corselet bodice of black chiffon, held in to the figure by cleverly-arranged bands of very narrow passementerie in gold and black, studded with steel, the yoke and vest being of blue glacé covered with the same lace

(matching the deepest shade of those in the brocade) and black ostrich tips, a great bow of the palest blue and eau-de-Nil chiffon being placed in front. Mrs. Alexander's second dress is of a wonderful crêpon with a quaint chintz design in pink and black on a white ground. This comprises the overskirt, the scalloped edges being outlined with a tiny black pleating, the under petticoat, of the faintest yellowish-green shot

glacé, being edged with a full ruche. The bodice is trimmed with white lace appliqué with black, and the sleeves, puffed at the top, have deep, transparent cuffs of the lace continued right up the sides with exceedingly pretty effect.

Another gown, destined for wearing on a somewhat dull day, is of moiré antique in a lovely shade of dark blue dotted over with pin spots in old gold, and with a chiné design of tiny single flowers in yellow and pale blue. The bodice, of old gold satin, is veiled with accordion-pleated blue chiffon, and ornamented with narrow bands of curious and effective metallic trimming, reproducing the colours of the flowers, and bordered with scallops of jet. the collar, of satin, draped with chiffon, being completed by a jabot of fine string-coloured lace, which also forms the shoulder-capes and the dainty little skirt basques, which are finished by tabs of velvet, caught with beautiful enamel buttons. The sleeves are of the lace over shot-blue and gold silk, with a great puff of the silk at the top, held in at the sides by three rosettes of chiffon. Mrs. Alexander wears with this gown a hat of black straw, decked with pink-tipped

daisies and a great bow of black moiré, and she will certainly enjoy the distinction of being one of the smartest and best-dressed women present.

Daintily lovely Miss Mary Moore will look even lovelier than usual in her dress of ivory Roman satin, the skirt slightly draped on the left hip and finished with a flounce, made with a fan pleating of chiffon, and trimmed with five rows of butter-coloured lace insertion. The bodice has a yoke of white accordion-pleated chiffon, bordered with frills



which appears on the skirt, and which also forms the quaint little shoulder-capes, which are finished with a touch of the passementerie trimming. The elbow-sleeves are very quaint and novel; they are not very full at the top, but just above the elbow are gathered into a full puffing, caught in with a rosette of black chiffon, and bordered with a gracefully-hanging frill of the lace. One does not often see such a perfectly lovely gown, and it is completed by a large black straw hat trimmed with roses



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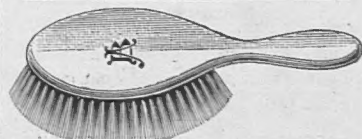
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12 .. Length Mousquetaire	26/6	4/6

In Black, White, Tans, Beavers, and all Colours.

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4-Button Black Kid, with White, Red, Green,

Pink, Gold, Blue, or Tan Points and Wets, 2/6,

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4 Buttons, Roundseam sewn	22/-	3/9
In Tan Shades, with Self Paris Points.		3/9
4 Buttons, Pique Sewn	25/-	4/3
In Black or Tan Shades, with Self Paris Points.		4/3

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of the same airy fabric, which, in their turn, are edged with insertions of the butter-coloured lace, which forms the under-sleeves. The accompanying hat is of butter-coloured Tuscan straw, trimmed with trails of pink roses.

Miss Moore's second gown, of the finest cashmere in a pale shade of fawn, has a zouave of green velvet embroidered with gold, and opening over a loose front of satin covered with deep cream guipure. Her hat, of sunburnt straw, is trimmed with bunches of red and pink clover and knots of ribbon in the two shades, while her dainty sunshade is of shot-pink and green.

Are not such gowns as these calculated to fill the heart of the average woman with envy and emulation? But I have still to tell you of more things of beauty upon which I feasted my eyes at the Maison Jay, in Regent Street. First, then, there was a gown for Mrs. Harry



THE HON. MRS. HAMAR BASS.

Lawson, the skirt and sleeves being composed of black-and-white check silk, and the bodice, of cherry-coloured chiffon, being adorned with touches of old lace and knots of black satin, while the long sash of black satin ribbon was fastened at the waist by a steel buckle. Mrs. William Penn's gown was of white silk, with little waved squares in black, the perfectly-hanging skirt being quite plain, and the bodice, of white chiffon, being entirely covered with yellowish lace, a box-pleat of the silk passing down the front and the back. The waist was encircled by a satin band, from which two long and broad knotted sash ends of white moiré antique fell to the bottom of the skirt at the back. As to all the other exquisite gowns which I saw, I must save them for next week, for enough is as good as a feast, and space, unfortunately, is not elastic.

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A FATAL OBJECTION.

"I can't understand why you engaged yourself to Arthur Halley, who possesses neither good looks nor fortune, when you had your pick of half-a-dozen rich and handsome fellows."

"The others made me tired, Laura. Arthur was the only one of them who hadn't been to the World's Fair."—*Judge* (New York).

The late lamented Gustave Doré was undoubtedly a humourist, and no less so is his namesake, the well-known tailor of Conduit Street, W. He has published an amusing little book on the economics of clothing, in which you are told that "you may succeed in dressing well on nothing a year by accepting the naked doctrine of first principles out and out: by adopting, as it were, the fashion of Adamite man—by placing yourself, that is to say, in imminent peril of the judgment. Or you may do it by 'doing' your tailor." Both courses are, it is needless to say, possible, though not probable. But you can dress admirably on a moderate yearly expenditure by going to Mr. Doré, who claims that no firm of tailors of equal standing at the West End of London can surpass him in fair, legitimate, and straightforward dealing, at cash prices, with the public.

The Midland Company are to introduce the refreshment system, hitherto confined to the afternoon Scotch trains, to the morning express trains between London and Glasgow. The trains on which the new dining carriages will run will be those leaving London (St. Pancras) at 10.30 a.m. and 2.10 p.m., and Glasgow (St. Enoch) at 10 a.m. and 1.30 p.m., and among the points served by them will be Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, Sheffield, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, Birmingham, and Bristol.

A TRIP TO GREENWICH.

At this festive season of the year, when those who can so much afford to patronise the banks of Father Thames or the fashionable watering-places, others who are less wealthy betake themselves to the luxury of the penny steamboat and the extravagance of an *al fresco* tea, with shrimps thrown in, round about Greenwich. I, being ever on the alert for "copy," raised the necessary penny and hied me to London Bridge a few days ago. I took stock of my fellow-passengers, found them well worth study, and then embarked. The boat was not in a hurry to reach its destination. It stopped at every available landing-stage, giving me a fine view of London's ill-erected Tower and of wharves innumerable. The water below me, being of a fine, muddy aspect, was thus in perfect harmony with the sky overhead. Three alleged musicians, provided with the necessary implements of torture, gave a weird and melancholy accompaniment to the surrounding dulness. No doubt, they meant well, and thought it was an honest way of earning a living. Filled with a spirit of adventure, I penetrated into the place by courtesy called the "saloon," and at the refreshment *buffet*, with a recklessness worthy of a millionaire, purchased a large, soft, thick, round substance called a biscuit. I analysed it, and found caraway-seeds scattered at respectable intervals through a brown, unhealthy-looking paste. I then went to the side of the vessel, and, trying to look unconcerned, allowed it to drop into the dirty depths. Unfortunately, a large, respectable woman, who was nursing an unattractive baby, saw me, and said in a loud tone, "Did it see the gentleman drop the bootiful biscuit, then, &c.?" Surrounding slatternly ladies and children looked up, and I found myself the object of their respectful admiration. I retired hastily, and concealed myself in a corner of the boat until the welcome cry of "Grinidge! Grinidge!" told me the journey had come to an end.

In order to gather a suitable appetite for the joys to come, I decided to visit the Observatory. Accordingly I made my way through a street as busy with wheel-barrow traffic as the Borough itself, and was entreated on all sides to purchase boot-laces, matches, oranges, whelks, and similar dainties. I reached the park, but looked in vain for stray pieces of the Anarchist. The place was crowded, and there seemed to be all the surplus nurse-girls within a ten-mile radius. Divers small and thoughtless children were climbing to the top of the hill and then rolling down it. There was a magnificent view of the river and some of the principal buildings in the immediate vicinity, while the air was all that could be desired. Finally, I ascended the hill, and set my watch right by the clock for which the place is famous. Then I wandered on in the direction of Blackheath, and, while engaged in sitting on a seat to recover, was pounced upon by some brigand in disguise who demanded a penny for the use of the chair. In vain I told him that I was on his free-list, that I was on everybody's free-list, that I came there to advertise his place. Then I promised him a couple of paragraphs and a full-length portrait of himself in three London papers; but it was no good. He was as hard as adamant, and finally my good-looking penny came into his possession. Seeing I had been compelled to pay, I thought I would have my money's worth. Accordingly, I sat there for about an hour, gazing at the superb colours of the foliage, which varied between the lightest shade of green and a dark olive-brown. A few startled deer came in my direction, stared as rudely as though they had come to interview me, and then departed. A few perambulators passed me, propelled by young and dictatorial nurse-girls, who were usually threatening their charges with dire penalties if they did not come off "that there damp grass." And then the pangs of hunger and thirst came heavily upon me, and I rose from my seat, retraced my steps, and passed into the old town, determined to make history or have tea in the attempt.

How can I best describe the tea-gardens, in which I vainly endeavoured to find the refreshment so ardently desired of my inner man? The house had evidently seen better days, and on one of those better days the aged waiter had, perhaps, put on the shirt he was wearing. He gave me my seat, and brought me my tea in a weather-beaten Britannia-metal pot. He told me there were plain teas and others, and I had another, and was raised in his estimation. There were two other sets of people in the gardens—"a lover and his lass" and a benevolent old lady, who was taking out two young children and treating them to delicacies. My own tea was not a success. The tea itself was of poor constitution, the bread-and-butter was better to look at than to taste, while the "shrimps," brown with age, and of very large size, were calculated to frighten the average beholder. Then, to make my happiness complete, one of those refreshing showers of which we have had so many during the month came down on business. I retired to a little arbour, whither the waiter dragged the paraphernalia of the tea. I was glad to see him get wet, for he and water had evidently been strangers for many a long day. In the arbour, the rain came slowly trickling through, and insensibly my thoughts wandered to the tea-party described by Dickens in "The Old Curiosity Shop," given by Quilp to Samson and Sally Brass. I wondered if that was the identical place; and tried to remember the description, to see if it tallied. I could not, however; so, summoning the soiled waiter, I paid for my tea, and gave him the sum of sixpence for himself. He took it with the look of a man who had never seen silver before. Turning round sharply a moment afterwards, I found him biting it. Finally, I took something in the way of a slight repast at a very famous hotel and a stroll through the town. Greenwich, despite its objectionable features, is a delightful old place.

B.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, June 16, 1894.

The glut of money keeps discount rates low, and good three-months bills are taken at $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. How long gold can be piled up at the Bank of England is a matter of doubt; but there are very few signs of an overflow at present, although we cannot help feeling that the continual buying of first-class investment securities must in time produce a corresponding improvement in really sound second-class stuff; indeed, we believe this desirable result would have been brought about before now but for the very unsatisfactory American position and the manipulation of the Argentine gold premium, which has frightened the holders of River Plate securities.

You ask us about Indian Railways, dear Sir, and the present is not a bad occasion for taking stock of the position. The results of the past half-year are now before us, and, speaking generally, they are distinctly favourable—indeed, almost the only exception is in the case of the Great Indian Peninsular, where the returns show a decrease and the expenses an increase. On this line 159,000 additional train miles have been run to produce a gross take of some £23,000 less than that of the corresponding period of last year, and, in consequence, the receipts have fallen about $4\frac{1}{2}$ pence per train mile. Fortunately, the Great Indian Peninsular is an exception to the almost universal prosperity, and the Indian Midland report, which reaches us at the same time, is a fair sample of the moderate progress which has in most cases been made.

You understand, of course, dear Sir, that there are four classes of Indian railways—

(1) Those which, like the East Indian, the Eastern Bengal, and the South Indian, are the property of the Government, and whose securities are mostly in the form of annuities, and yield a return of about £3 2s. 6d. per cent.

(2) Those which enjoy a Government guarantee and take a share of surplus profits, such as the Indian Midland, the Bombay and Baroda, the Great Indian Peninsular, and many others. Among this class the average return upon present price is, say, £3 7s. 6d. per cent.

(3) Those which, as in the case of the Nizam's State Railway, enjoy the guarantee of a native State, and return, say, $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

(4) Those which depend entirely on their own resources, such as the Rohilkund and the Bengal and North-Western, whose return, of course, is more fluctuating, and the yield about £3 17s. 6d. at present.

If you will bear these cardinal facts in mind when considering the investment of money in high-class Indian Railway stocks, dear Sir, you will be able to form as clear a judgment of the risks you are running as the best-informed broker.

The tone of the Foreign markets has, on the whole, been good. Spanish stock has benefited by the fact that the Bank of Spain has again come to its rescue, while the success of the Turkish Tribute conversion is but another example of what ten years of English control can do for even the worst case of defaulting debtors. It is to be hoped that the consultations going on at Athens will result in some satisfactory arrangement of the miserable Greek position, but how to make a bankrupt pay twenty shillings in the pound is a very difficult problem.

Whether or not the end of the Argentine gold rig is at hand, we do not know, but the premium has dropped considerably, and we believe the Rothschild agreement will be respected. The stocks of the republic have all responded to the improved position, although several, such as the Funding bonds and the Waterworks loan are still at tempting prices, and we would far sooner buy than sell, a statement which is true of Uruguay $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. and Mexican Internal bonds. The rates of interest which such stocks as we have named return (between 7 and 10 per cent.) are, of course, out of the question if absolute safety is required, but in our opinion the risk is not greater than in the case of many European securities which yield miserable returns, and would suffer severely from anything like a war scare. If the investor wants 4 per cent., why on earth should he lend money to Russia, when he can put his money out on good mortgages on house property in the City of London, or obtain even a little over by purchasing the shares of the Nizam's State Railway, with a guarantee which England would never allow to be repudiated?

The week has been a quiet one with Home Rails, although some uneasiness exists as to the much-talked-of Scotch mining strike. We are fast approaching the dividend time, and the papers are preparing to forecast the results, so that in a week or two we shall be flooded with estimates. Without desiring to give you detailed and closely-calculated figures, we may sum up the position by saying that probably Great Western and South-Western will improve on last year's distribution by from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; possibly, the Sheffield and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Companies may also give us some increase; while in the case of the Brighton and Chatham roads there may be a small reduction.

You know, of course, dear Sir, that arrangements have been made for raising the necessary capital to complete the London extension of the Sheffield Company, and the meeting of the shareholders is to be held next week, at which the necessary sanction will be given to the arrangements. The issue has been underwritten, but the prospectus which is to be sent out is most carefully guarded from the public eye. The amount of stock offered will be about six and a-half millions, and the issue price probably par—to allow for 3 per cent. underwriting commission. The present shareholders are to have the first offer, and the stock, when paid up, can be converted into preference and ordinary. It is said that the

subscribers will be allowed to apply for and receive allotments of $4\frac{1}{2}$ debentures at a later date, when the money will be needed to complete the line. As these debentures will be worth about 50 per cent. premium, the power to call for allotments at par is, of course, a valuable consideration.

There has been considerable business done in the Industrial market, where Hyderabad (Deccan) shares have had a good rise upon reports that the Nizam has signed loans which will secure the company's position, and enable it to proceed with gold mining operations.

The Mining market has not been happy on account of rumours of financial difficulties, which have, so far, proved baseless. Land shares, such as Chartered and Oceana, show declines, but several mines are better, as, for instance, Simmer's. New Chimes are well spoken of, while Langlaate United at fifteen shillings might be worth a flutter, and the outlook for Buffelsdoorn is very favourable. We have so often recommended the latter property to your notice that we feel almost ashamed to mention it again. In the Indian market, Ooregums have been weak, but, although the immediate prospects are, if reports mean anything, not so favourable as when Mr. Malcolm Low addressed the shareholders at the beginning of April last, there seems no need for a panic, for, with 70,000 tons of ore in sight, there is plenty of time to find rich ore in a dozen places before it will be wanted.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE WEST AUSTRALIAN GOLD CONCESSIONS.—This concern, which we noticed a fortnight ago, appears to be still circulating its prospectus. Let us say, once for all, that if any reader of this paper is caught in the West Australian boom, which is being so vigorously worked up, it will not be our fault. There is no justification for endeavouring to obtain money from the English public for supposed gold mines in Western Australia, and the less investors here have to do with the various schemes propounded to obtain a little of the accumulated savings anxiously awaiting investment, the wiser will the inhabitants of Western Australia consider us.

THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY is offering 2,000,000 dollars 4 per cent. gold bonds at 92. We have seen worse investments than this, but in the present position of the American Railway market we are not in love with this issue, which may be easier to obtain an allotment of than to dispose of at a profit afterwards. The prospectus is well worth careful reading as an excellent *résumé* of the position of the Milwaukee road at this moment.

THE LOANDA GAS COMPANY, LIMITED.—This concern is asking subscriptions for 4000 £10 preference shares and £40,000 5 per cent. debentures. We have seen many unpromising African companies, but for downright "cheek" this affair beats the record. How the few Englishmen who know St. Paul de Loanda must smile as they read the glowing account of that famous West African "health"—death?—resort, and see in their mind's eye its wooden "shanties" lighted with gas, supplied by an enthusiastic British public, in the vain hope that the by-products, such as creosote, tar, and acids, will find ready purchasers among the intelligent blacks, who form the bulk of the city's population. The people who subscribed to the Delagoa Bay Railway have had a taste of the value of Portuguese concessions, and, as there is no law to prevent the publication of prospectuses of all sorts and kinds, we advise our readers to leave this concern to the underwriters in Lisbon.

THE SWEDISH GOVERNMENT THREE PER CENT. CONVERSION LOAN.—This issue of £990,000 will not excite much interest here, but is, of course, as safe as any foreign Government loan can be. If any of our readers hold the 1878 loan, we advise them to convert.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DAWLISH.—We absolutely refuse to have anything to do with recommending brokers, whether members of the Stock Exchange or otherwise; but, we confess, we are not impressed with the three names you mention. If you deal with any of them, do not let your account get too large. Write to the Joint Stock Institute, who seem to make a specialty of giving the information you want.

WARINBA.—We do not like the Australian Mortgage Company you name, which is not first-class, but, as you have no liability on your preference stock, we should be inclined to hang on for the present, especially as the terminable debentures are a very small amount. If you ever get a chance of cutting your loss, at say, par, sell half. Our opinion of Nitrate Rails is evident from what we have written for weeks (see back numbers), but you are a little late for the fun. If you want a speculation, buy a few Nitrate Rails and a few San Ritas.

APIS.—The concern you mention was, we think, one of the worst of the Davis group of finance companies, and we advise you to treat it as a bad debt. It is very doubtful if you will ever get a dividend of more than a shilling or two in the pound. The office used to be at 5, Lothbury: you might try a letter there.

W. A. B.—The $5\frac{1}{2}$ debenture stock holders will never get paid more than a trifle. Write it off as a bad debt.

PETER.—The insurance company is all right. You may safely hold Bank of Australasia shares. Sell the Industrial Company debentures, if you can.

MAX.—We never give gambling tips. Don't deal with the people you name; we know they are a bad lot and will cheat you.

JIM.—Mexico has not repudiated yet, and we think you had better stick to your bonds.

J. C. B.—The English and Scottish Mercantile Investment Trust is a shameful affair, but the result of the King case will probably be a compulsory winding-up and the public examination of the directors, when we shall know more about the chances of recovery from them, as to which we can give you no opinion at present.